The Bystander, January 7, 1914.—No. 527. Vol. XLI.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

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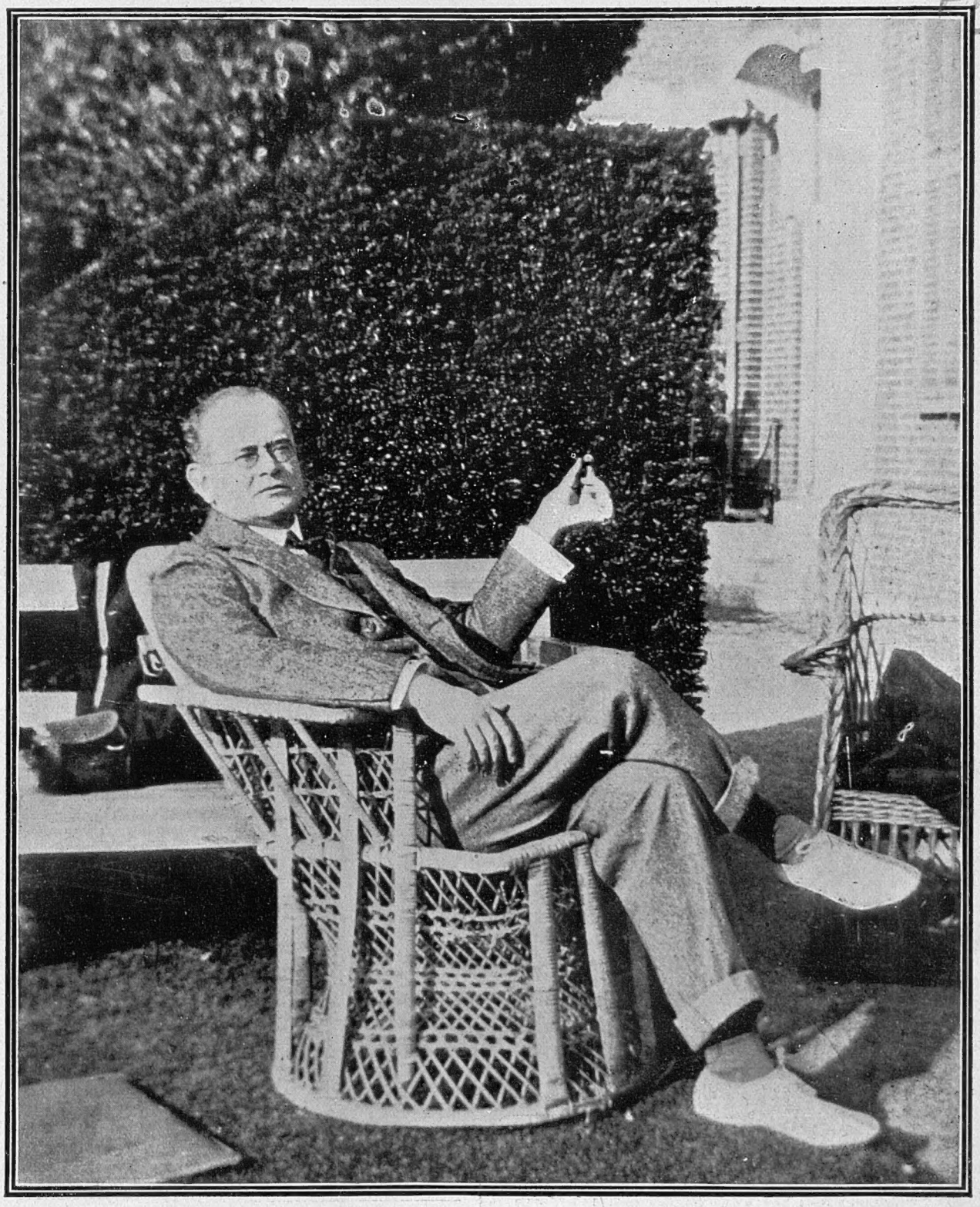
The BYSTANDER



MR. GEORGE S. STREET, CENSOR JUNIOR

Who has just been appointed to assist Mr. E. A. Bendall as Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office, in succession to the late Mr. Charles Brookfield. Mr. Street has edited an edition of Congreve's comedies, and has had a play, "Great Friends," produced by the Stage Society, which is about the sum total of his direct connection with the theatre. However, he is a level-headed writer of essays and "belles lettres," and common-sense, we take it, is the main qualification for a censor, whether of plays or anything else

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "NUTS AND WINE."
NEW REVUE. Maidie Hope, Violet Lloyd, Babette, Irene Grange, Rose Hamilton, Phyllis Bedells, R. G. Knowles, Eric Thorne, Albert Le Fre, Nelson Keys, Fred Payne, Les Glorias.

ADELPHI THEATRE, STRAND. Every Evening at 8.15.
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"THE ATTACK," from the French of Henry Bernstein,
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£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer on which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (a) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (b) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (c) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident (d) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (e) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Court Mourning

The fortnight's Court mourning for the Queen-Dowager of Sweden does not, of course, affect our social arrangements, for there are none at present of a formal kind, and the regulations really only apply in the circumstances to the immediate *entourage* of Their Majesties, who will continue their life *en famille* at York Cottage for at least another ten days yet. But Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught have put off their visit to the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, and are hardly likely now to go to Stockholm until after the first Court, at which Princess Arthur will be a conspicuous figure as the latest Royal Princess—an occasion which, one is told, she is determined not to miss.

* * *

A Family Reunion

The Duke of Westminster has a variety of guests at Mimizan, his estate in France (the name sounds like a character in musical comedy), and not the least interesting party is the one he has just been entertaining. People have been speculating busily on the precise deductions, political and otherwise, to be drawn from the presence there of (1) Lady Randolph Churchill, (2) Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill. Lady Randolph, who, I am told, accepted the Duke's invitation with particular pleasure, is, of course, a sort of connection of his by marriage, the husband from whom she lately parted being a brother of the Duchess. The Duchess is still in England.

Photograph *Lafayette*

"RISE, SIR PUNCH!"

Mr. Owen Seaman, with the knighting of whom Respectability once again accords the national humorous organ the recognition it labours so hard to deserve. Previous "Punch" knights have been Sir Francis Burnand, Sir John Tenniel, and Sir Henry Lucy

* * *

Another "Move"?

"Winston," it is noted by those on the look-out for signs and portents of the future, recently had Mr. Austen Chamberlain cruising with him, and hob-nobs freely with Mr. F. E. Smith. "F. E.," by the way, spent Christmas at Blenheim with the Duke of Marlborough, whose domestic affairs are once more reported to be in process of readjustment. It is owing to the freedom with which Mrs. Winston expressed herself on this delicate situation, so I'm told, that a slight coolness recently arose between the Duke and his cousin. But these matters will doubtless be easily smoothed over should there be, as is widely believed, and as the Chancellor's remarkable interview in the *Daily Chronicle* seems to confirm, a big Churchill "move" in prospect.

* * *

Flattering

It is still a full month to the opening of Parliament, but already Liberals are making preparations for a full house, and the *Westminster Gazette* has been feverishly urging every supporter of the Government to be in his place, even if he does lose a day or two's extra holiday in the South of France or elsewhere. One is glad, of course, to see so much enthusiasm, even if unable to pay the official Opposition the similar compliment of regarding it as such a dangerous menace.

* * *

"Sir Punch!"

One is not surprised at "Mr." *Punch's* knighthood. His ultra-respectability and excessive regard for official sensibilities—particularly over the Marconi affair—called for and have received fitting reward. Sir Owen Seaman's verse will now become more "scholarly," and his after-dinner speeches, perhaps, weightier, than ever. For true satire, at the expense of the people it desires to laugh at, the public has still happily at its service one or two un-beknighted souls, chief among them, of course, "Max."

* * *

"Mistaken Zeal"

Sir Harold Harmsworth is rewarded (*vide* the *Daily Mail*) for his "mistaken zeal in the cause of Liberal journalism." He has never, I suppose, had any hand in the policy of the *Daily Mail:* to reward the party services of that organ is allowed to be the privilege, from time to time, of Unionist Prime Ministers—when any!

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

A Surprise

The rest of the honours are of the expected variety, save that to Sir Alfred Cripps, which is not, as may be supposed, political. Sir Alfred, as legal adviser to successive Princes of Wales, owes his peerage directly to the King, and only knew of it the day before its publication. The Wycombe seat may possibly be "given" (local Liberals permitting) to the new peer's son, who lost it in the wash of 1906.

***

Wait and See

Everybody will wish Sir Ernest Shackleton success in his forthcoming venture. If advance-booming can achieve it, victory is already his. He had the post-Christmas Press all to himself; he was snapshotted in the streets, interviewed galore, cheered at the Coliseum. Some person unknown has apparently "put up" £50,000 on account, but Sir Ernest will not take it as an insult if the public supply the rest of the "needful." Well, we shall see. If we are prepared to finance another utterly useless quest of needless Polar knowledge, we are the queerest people in the world. For even the ill-fated Olympic Games Fund had better purpose than this.

***

The Limit

Sir Ernest Shackleton will, this time, of course, raise the money *before* he makes his heroic "dash." He will not, as on the last occasion, ask the Government for it *after* the achievement. There are limits to even his—er—courage.

***

Kindly Light

On the merits of the "Kikuy—estion" I am incapable of speaking. It is for the Primate, not for the Press, to sit upon the alleged "heresy" of the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda in admitting dissenters to Holy Communion. One thing, however, does seem urgently called for, and that is for it to be made an offence against Church discipline for right reverend prelates to air their differences on points of doctrine in the newspaper Press. Their liberty is fast degenerating into license, and the public is likely to become even less inclined to attend church if it realises that "kindly light" (!) on questions of doctrine shines so much more brightly in the papers.

***

The Fragson Tragedy

The horrible tragedy of poor Fragson's death has served to establish firmly a popularity as to the reality of which there have always been doubts. Fragson always seemed to be one of those not unnumerous artists who "get there" somehow and then are taken for granted by everybody for ever afterwards. He floated to success on the *Entente Cordiale*, which, in his own way, he probably did a good deal to popularise. Incidentally, it may be of interest to state that not very long ago Fragson told a friend of the writer's that he feared his father was going mad. In many ways he seems to have been a very devoted son.

***

Advertising

After this time there will probably be a reaction from the privately printed Christmas and New Year card. It is some years ago since it was first hailed in West Kensington as frightfully "classy," and now that the custom has become so firmly established in the servants' hall—an acquaintance of mine got one

ACTUALLY IN ENGLAND!

This winter the stay-at-homes have really had quite a large chunk of luck in the way of winter sports. Above we reproduce a photograph of a lady skier negotiating a slope on the hill-side at Buxton, and, incidentally, negotiating it very badly—but perhaps that was the fault of the disturbing camera man

Stealing a Shield

(Suggested by "Stealing a Bicycle," at the Palace Theatre)

LLOYD GEORGE (to Sir John Brunner and Co.): "This, my friends, is a propitious moment—the best we've had for 20 years!"

BRITANNIA: "Now then, you little, light-fingered philanthropists-by-proxy! Keep your hands off my shield! You're not going to melt *that* down to pay for your little schemes, I need every ounce of it—and more"

BY E. T. REED

Photograph *Gabell*

SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH (LORD SOUTHCLIFFE?)

One of the five new Peers in the New Year's Honours List. As he is politically at the opposite pole to his famous brother, possibly his title will be Lord Southcliffe—the family thus appearing to face both ways

from a chambermaid at an hotel where he'd been staying—something new has surely got to be invented. The very latest practice is to advertise one's greetings on the front page of the *Times*, which works out considerably cheaper, and also informs a larger circle of your good wishes, not to say your existence.

* *
*

Kitchener's Secret

Egypt has received with unqualified delight the very emphatic contradiction of the stories that Lord Kitchener was going to India shortly to succeed Lord Hardinge. How long the denial holds good for is another matter. But K. of K. has certainly made himself very popular at Cairo, by his entertainments as well as by his general capabilities; he is no misogynist, as he was once reputed to be—on the contrary. And having gone up in an aeroplane last week he has, no doubt, set the seal on his popularity, like our own most popular of Cabinet Ministers, whose name I will not breathe for fear of affronting his modesty.

* *
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The Fashion for Germs

This is the season *par excellence* for colds and chills, and the "new" method of inoculating against them has just been "discovered" by the usual well-informed newspaper. As a matter of fact, I and many other less well-informed persons have for years been taking our 100,000,000 or so special germs at intervals during the winter, and so escaping all but a preliminary day or so of sniffs and headache. King Edward was the first to make the system fashionable, having adopted it (to the subsequent indignation of anti-vivisectors, I don't quite know why) on the advice of Dr. Harold Spitta, who is now bacteriologist to King George and Queen Alexandra, and high priest of this cold-killing cult.

* *
*

The Portuguese Mystery

Some mystery has been made over ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal's memoirs, which she was first going to publish and then emphatically denied ever having dreamt of publishing. Of course, the denial was strictly correct. After all, it is a publisher who

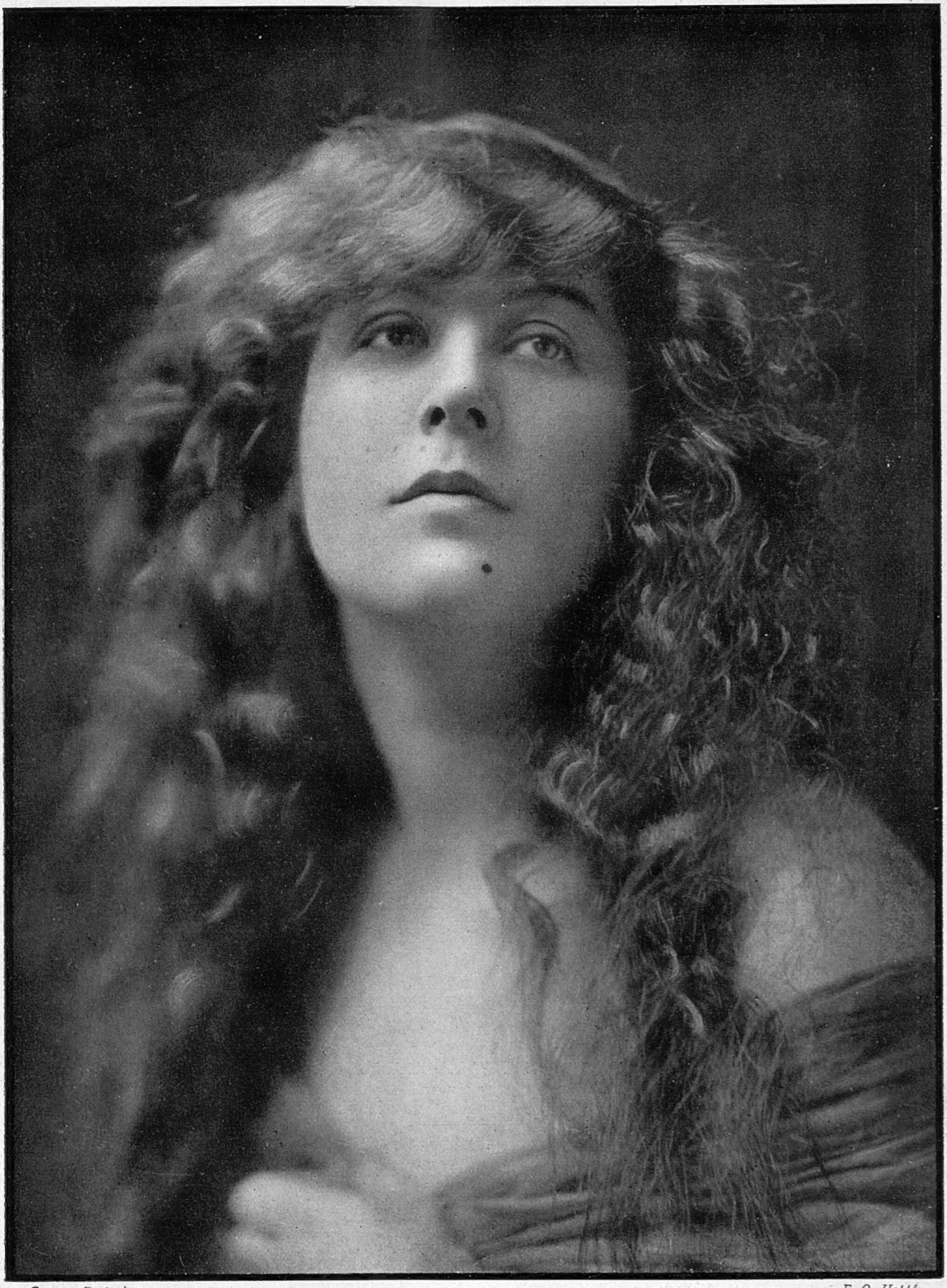
THE PRESENT LADY HARMSWORTH

Wife of Sir Harold Harmsworth, who therefore becomes a peeress with the advent of 1914. Before her marriage Lady Harmsworth was Miss Mary Lillian Share

(*From the painting by J. Sargent, R.A.*)

Literary Heredity

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN LORD ROSEBERY'S TALENTED DAUGHTER



Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY SYBIL GRANT

A charming negligée study of Lord Rosebery's eldest daughter, whose cleverly satirical book, "Founded on Fiction," has just been published. Lady Sybil married in 1903 Captain C. J. Cecil Grant, of the Coldstream Guards. In 1912 two other notable books of hers were published—"Samphire" and "The Chequer Board"

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

H.R.H. PRINCE JOHN

A charming new photograph of their Majesties' youngest son, who will be nine years old in the coming July. Prince John is, in fact, as he looks, a very bright and interesting young person

publishes, isn't it? Very lofty circles have been much agitated about this matter and a good deal of pressure brought to bear. It was feared, and perhaps not without reason, that diplomatic relations between England and Portugal would be severely strained if an *ex parte* account of very recent history were published (whomever by) over here.

***

About Prince John

A story recently reached the writer in which figured Queen Mary, Prince John, a staircase, one of the Household servants, and some article which it was the duty of the said servant to take up the staircase, but which H.R.H. thought looked much more amusing rolling unassisted down it. Her Majesty insisted that an apology was due from the youthful Prince, and as he was unwilling he was taken by the Queen to the doubtless embarrassed servant and told to say he was sorry. Whereat he replied, "Oh, very well—if you'll go away!" Queen Mary tactfully withdrew, and the apology was gracefully made. All of which goes to show that the spirit of the Younger Generation is not confined to middle-class Lancashire.

***

"Denouncing" the Tango

Having foisted the Tango upon us, the Press, now that most of us have got to know and to like it, is busily trying to take it away from us. So-called "Society leaders" who disapprove of everything modern and "go-ey," and who have probably never even seen the dance, are being invited to denounce it. Let us be frank. "Society," nowadays, is about ten times as wide a term as it was when these people really were its leaders. It will dance *what it likes*, and having troubled to learn the innocent ballroom version of the Tango, it isn't going to unlearn it until it is tired of it. So there!

THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS

A new picture of Princess Wilhelm of Sweden (née the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia), who recently left her husband, the second son of the King of Sweden, and asserted her determination not to return to him, for which action she looks, to say the least of it, none the worse

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Why?

Finally, why are people who clearly *don't* lead Society called Society leaders?

NEXT WEEK

IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL FEATURES

BRILLIANT RIVIERA SUPPLEMENT

EDITED IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

A BOLT TO THE BLUE—By the Editor in Holiday Vein. Illustrated.

MORROW AU CÔTE D'AZUR—A Portfolio of Sketches from Life, including a DOUBLE PAGE IMPRESSION OF MONTE CARLO CASINO AND ITS PATRONS.

ROULETTE SYSTEMS—Special Article by a Famous Expert.

SEASON NOTES AND NEWS—By the Man on the Spot.

SPORT ON THE RIVIERA and a RIVIERAN SHORT STORY, by Mrs. C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Happily Over At Last !

THE MUCH ADVERTISED ANGLO-GERMAN ARISTO-PLUTOCRATIC WEDDING

THE HON. AND MRS. J. FREEMAN-MITFORD

The marriage of Fräulein Marie Anna Von Friedlander-Fuld to the Hon. John Freeman-Mitford, took place yesterday (January 6) at Trinity Church, Berlin. As all the world knows, Fräulein Friedlander-Fuld is sole heiress to a fortune of some five millions, being the only daughter of Herr Friedlander-Fuld, the German "Coal King." The Hon. Freeman-Mitford is the fourth son of Lord Redesdale, and is to enter his father-in-law's firm. He has for some time past been in business in Hamburg

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

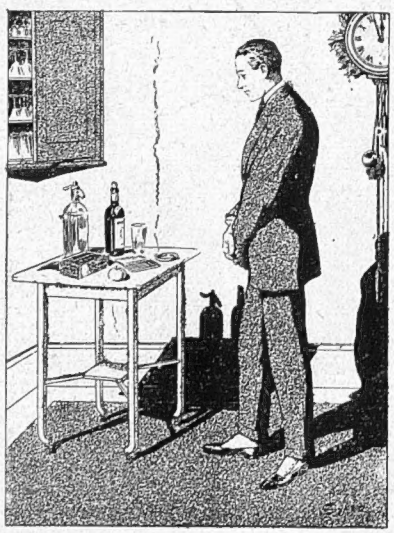
By "DOWNWRITER"

MY DEAR EDITOR—

YOU asked me to "do something" apropos the New Year for your New Year number. As same would have to go to Press finally on Christmas Eve, would I oblige with "copy" on Monday the 22nd ult. You "assumed" the matter would contain something cynical on the subject of New Year Resolutions. In asking me to say that something before I had, at the "festive" board, filled myself with the stuff out of which good resolutions are made, it is you, Sir, who were the cynic. I defy any honest man to feel New Yearish until he has felt post-Christmassy—that is to say, until far too late for any editor's New Year Number.

Something cynical? Presumably at the expense of the man who resolves on January 1 to reform himself, and then a week after, falls back with renewed zest, into the old, old ways! I decline to scoff at this person. I envy him from the bottom of my heart. For I am one of those who are no longer capable even of introducing, let alone of passing, any resolutions whatsoever affecting the future conduct of my life. I know it's no good, realising that a man is judged by the Higher Powers, not by the estimate he forms of his own character at any given time (say New Year's Day), but by the record of his actions averaged like an Income Tax survey, over a given period of years.

Probably, Sir, the actions—good or bad—for which we are noted in the Great Book are those of which we are either ignorant or forgetful. We don't know ourselves as we really are in the very least. The thing we sit down, this New Year's Eve, and resolve not again to do is, for all we know to the contrary, the very thing we are most wanted to go on doing, and the things we decide we *will* do are, quite possibly, those against which Heaven wishes to save Itself at all costs. The thousands and thousands of worthy British citizens who have, during the past week, decided to "knock off" excesses of food, drink, tobacco, etc., etc., may be unwittingly thwarting an Infinite Wisdom, which may have decided that the supply of worthy British citizens far exceeds the demand, and may desire us to go on dissipating until we destroy ourselves. Providence may want a new type of British citizen, but it may be praying Itself to be preserved from a cheap and false furbishing-up of our old and obsolete selves. Even I myself may be, in the Celestial eye, a species of back-number, whose only real use is to be boiled down and repulped for more profitable re-issue in more up-to-date forms. May it not be a species of blasphemy to knock off one of the cigarettes or glasses of whisky which may be exercising the decree within me?



"May it not be a species of blasphemy to knock off one of the cigarettes or glasses of whisky which may be exercising the decree within me?"

On the other hand, I may have decided to do certain things—to get up earlier in the morning, to work harder and more methodically, to be kinder to those over whom I am set in authority, to take more exercise, to save more money. How I am to know that more of *my* work is not Officially regarded with horror: that what is wanted is less of it, and less again? May not those to whom I propose to be kinder infinitely prefer a little of me unkind to a lot of me kind? If taking more exercise means the prolongation of my active life, may not that be just the very thing that is not wanted by the Authorities? Also the saving of more money. May that not mean that I shall become grasping and thereby add yet another to a long list of unpleasant qualities?

You see, Sir, what a man who tries to be a philosopher is up against when he starts thinking about New Year Resolutions. Being a philosopher, he is bound to envisage all things, including himself, from the view of the general well-being, and as it is impossible to know whether his continued existence in the community is a cause of good or evil, how can he safely make any resolutions at all? You may say that every man, even myself, should have some sort of an idea whether he is of any use in the world, and whether his life is worth preserving in it. Sir, had I been born in any other age than this and in any other land than England, and been called on to work at any other trade than scribbling in an illustrated newspaper, I might have had that knowledge. But, as it is, I lack it. I have no reason to be certain that any man living and writing in this present age is an instrument for good. If what he says is true, it has been said far better by somebody classic enough to have been taught at school. If it isn't true, then, of course, it should not be written at all. And as anything that is written, Sir, in an illustrated paper is, unless it be about the Tango, or a fancy dress ball, a new Revue, or something of that kind, *ipso facto* either unread or unremembered why, Sir, write it at all? [We have often wondered.—ED.]

In view of the difficulty above stated, the only thing to do seems to be just to go on living as one always has. Cease doing some things and start doing others by all means, if you find self-discipline momentarily amusing. But don't delude youself that any potty little changes you may make in your little life are going, even if they're permanent, to affect your value in the eyes of the Authorities, who look at mankind wholesale not retail, and judge us by standards of which we personally have no earthly knowledge.

DOWNWRITER

Winter Sports—on the Manchester Road

BUXTON EMULATES ST. MORITZ FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY

For those who cannot go to Switzerland there is always a sporting chance of indulging in a modified version of winter sport at Buxton. Though Jack Frost rarely by any accident or design allows us to skate or toboggan in London (perhaps this year will be the exception to the rule), Buxton, somehow or other, manages to secure a few fleeting hours of snow fun. Our photograph shows some toboggans coming to a stop on the Manchester Road Run, and on noticing the gradient of the road one can only be surprised that they haven't stopped before!

Unrecognised!

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON WAITS, AND WAITS, AND WAITS—YET NOBODY NOTICES HIM—SAVE THE PHOTOGRAPHER. (AND HOW CAME HE TO BE THERE?)

'BUSES MAY COME—

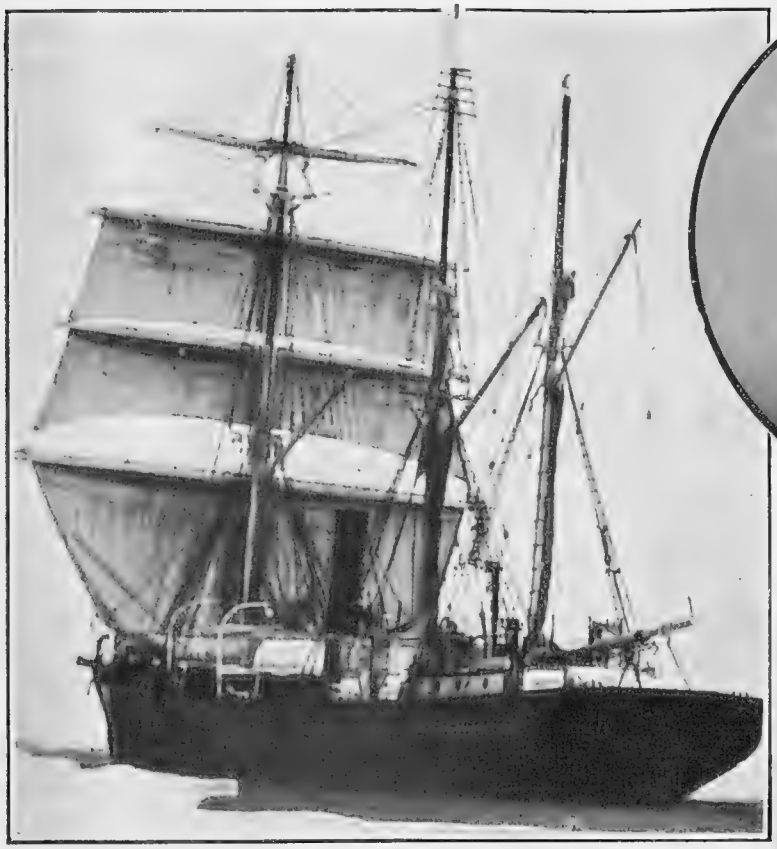
—AND 'BUSES MAY GO—

BUT SIR ERNEST GOES ON—WAITING UNTIL THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAS FINISHED HIS WORK

It was lucky, of course, for the photographer that he was on the spot (in Oxford Circus) at the identical moment that the hero of the hour happened to be waiting (no doubt for a taxi-cab) on the pavement. It is also a commentary on the British public's intelligent interest in its public men that the photographer alone among them should have recognised the Antarctic explorer

ONCE MORE ! INTO THE PRESS, DEAR FRIENDS

(SHAKESPEARE, MODIFIED)



THE "NIMROD"

Once again to brave the rigours of the South Pole.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

Who is once again to risk life (and treasure) in quest of fresh Antarctic honours

WE have nothing but admiration for the personal qualities of Polar explorers. Not content with facing the most horrible privations with equanimity for—so far as we can see—no useful purpose whatever, they have to expose themselves to the even more awful horrors of being the principal "story" of our sensational and sentimental press, both before the actual expedition and after—if there is an after. Think how unpleasant it must be to open your paper and read morning after morning that you are the boldest, wisest, cleverest hero who ever lived. To equalise the balance somewhat "The Bystander" would like to comfort them with the assurance that many people believe they get their own back by the enormous sale of their inevitable books, and the enormous fees for their even more inevitable lectures

LOOKING BACK

A picturesque attitude in which, doubtless, the explorers will also be once again posed

AN OCCUPATION

In which the intrepid explorer will once again be photographed (building snow huts for habitation)

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS—No. II

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD

From a camera portrait by Alvin Langdon Coburn

Taken specially to accompany the article opposite

MAKERS OF MOVEMENTS

No. II.—Mr. John Masefield and the Tragic Idea

Early Intentions

IN his earliest book, the *Salt-Water Ballads*, John Masefield made confession of his literary intent, which was to record and interpret and sing the days of the hardy ranker in life's armies—sailors, stokers, tramps, peasants, workmen and actioneers of all kinds—"The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load." Others, he sang:

> Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
> The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;
> Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!
>
> Theirs be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold;
> Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
> Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
> Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

He has kept faith with this early consecration of his genius. Faith, that is to say, with the spirit of it. Occasionally the outward form has strayed from the straight path, as, for instance, in *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great*, but beneath and within all variations of his original intention shines the high light of first vision.

□ □ □

Unlabelled

With the catholicity of a Rudyard Kipling and the tragic insight of a Thomas Hardy, John Masefield has made for himself a place in modern literature without for a moment appearing to yield to modernism of any kind. The movements pass him by without decorating him with a label, and those who discuss him are somewhat bewildered. He is not a Humanist like Galsworthy, or a Socialist, like Shaw, or an Anti-Socialist, like Belloc, or a Utopist, like Wells—he is simply John Masefield author of . . . then follows a list of books—novels, plays, poems, essays, histories, which acclaim and mark him.

□ □ □

A Tragic Outlook

Yet the modern spirit has not passed him by, for beneath the cloak of the ever-present past and the ever-present future which he wears, broods the self-consciousness of to-day. It is shy, however; but in an age given overmuch to self-explanation, it loses nothing by adopting the attitude of the third person. His frankness in the series of narrative poems, beginning with *The Everlasting Mercy*, gave many good people an excuse for placing him among the realists; but a mouthful of expletives and unusual expressions are as far from the making of a realist as two swallows are from making a summer. Masefield's modernism is really confined to an eternal sense of every soul's importance. He claimed in his first book to be concerned with over-burdened men, but his real concern is the human spirit struggling to maintain cleanliness and integrity. For that reason his outlook upon life is tragic.

A Lover of Virility

We are all constantly engaged in warfare between what is gross and what is fine, and the artist, equally with the priest, strives to awaken us to the fact. But Masefield has no evangel, save that life is good only when it is wrought out of unflinching purpose. For that reason he loves lowly and virile men whom the fates have overburdened and who battle manfully, and often blindly, with circumstance, winning to purpose, and sometimes to consciousness of purpose, but oftener dying fighting and defeated. The necessity of art forces the tragic artist to use as his medium high and unique instances of this conflict, and one recalls Masefield's reverent and inspired revelation of the soul of the kingly Cnaeus Pompey in *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great*, and, at the other extreme of life, that of the converted peasant Saul Kane, in *The Everlasting Mercy*. "Commonplace people dislike tragedy," he has written on one of the rare occasions of his use of the first person, "because they dare not suffer and cannot exult. The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not lightly to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deathy path across history."

□ □ □

As Dramatist

Among our modern dramatists he alone has the rare power of laying bare the heart of life in "the agony and exultation of dreadful acts." Others have attempted it, but none have achieved a tragic intensity equal to that which pervades *The Tragedy of Nan*, *The Campden Wonder*, and the recently produced adaptation of *The Witch*. The same atmosphere pervades such poems as *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow in the Bye-Street* and *The Daffodil Fields*, and certain of the novels, particularly that remarkable work with the elliptical title, *Multitude and Solitude*, in which tragedy, romantic adventure, and an inspiring human cause join issue.

□ □ □

Compared with Kipling

But in spite of his range and intensity Masefield's view of life is far from being comprehensive. He is a fine and conscientious literary artist, seemingly capable of expressing most tragic phases of life, and occasionally of doing so in such a way as to make something like a popular appeal without any reduction of the high literary standard he has set himself. The success of Masefield's narrative poems is the most momentous happening in poetry since Kipling captured the popular imagination. At the same time the interest in, say, *The Everlasting Mercy*, differs very considerably from that taken in, say, the *Barrack-Room Ballads*. The latter was broader and more human. Men (and men are Kipling's chief readers) who rarely read anything but the newspaper delighted in *Mandalay* and *Gunga Din*. To these *The Everlasting Mercy* could hardly appeal; they might have been drawn to

it by its rumoured indiscretions in language, but, for the rest, its length, underlying revivalist passion and absence of humour, would give it nothing but a passing popularity born of curiosity.

□ □ □

Missioner and Preacher

I do not underestimate the ballads of Rudyard Kipling; their flashes of poetry, insight into character and fresh humour came as a revelation and remain as a heritage. But there is more than one public and more than one popularity. John Masefield's narrative ballads have the distinction of appealing to that growing public which is awakening to the deeper realities. It is an ardent, purposeful, serious-minded public, venturing bravely upon spiritual and intellectual adventures undreamt of in the philosophy of its parents. Few, as yet, realise how wide-spread it is, still fewer its capacity for appreciative understanding of varying expressions and visions of life. Masefield brings to this new and aspiring hunger rich literary fruits. And he is a missioner, and, indirectly, a preacher, to the extent that he knows, as he has said, that "the vision of agony and spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing," and that it is only by such vision that people can be brought to a vital knowledge of eternal things. His art represents such vision.

□ □ □

A Poet of Life

Further, he brings a sense of the open air and of virile happenings. His transcendental attitude is linked with adventure and romance. Robert Louis Stevenson might have been proud of having written *Captain Margaret*, and Rudyard Kipling himself might have fathered some of the *Salt-Water Ballads*. Masefield learnt of adventure at first hand, for his early years of manhood were spent at sea, and since then he has known and learnt more of town life than is usually permitted the writer. Thus it may be supposed that the imagination which has created for us such vivid pictures of tragic life, has been able to create all the more truly from its experience of real life. Whether that be so or not no literature of to-day gives a greater sense of actuality, without either subservience to so-called realism or loss of those imaginative qualities so necessary to art.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

NEXT WEEK—
"MR. FRANK BRANGWYN"
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

OUR SILHOUETTE ARTIST ABOUT TOWN

The Burlington Arcade—the source of the Knut's inspiration

BY DOUGLAS MACKENZIE

THE KIKUY-ESTION

Photograph *F. C. Cobb*

TYPICAL KIKUYUESE
(Denomination unknown)

Photograph *Major Powell-Cotton*

A STREET SCENE IN KIKUYU

Photograph *Lafayette*

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM
Who approves of the "heresy" of the local bishops

Photograph *Maynall*

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
Who—as usual—thinks there is right on both sides, and pleads for compromise

Photograph *Whitlock*

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD
Who disapproves of the "heresy"

Photograph *F. C. Cobb*

TYPES OF KIKUYUESE NATIVES
Whose spiritual classification is the cause of a Church crisis

At this season, which of all times of the year is dedicated, nominally at least, to peace and goodwill, we have been plunged into a controversy which for bitterness of feeling on either side can only be compared to the average dog-fight. The Bishop of Zanzibar has impeached their spiritual lordships of Mombasa and Uganda for heresy for joining in a missionary conference at Kikuyu, a native village in East Africa, which had as its object the federation of the missionary bodies working in the Protectorate. Of course, the folk who suffer by this sort of thing are the very ones whom the Church is trying to help, the Kikuyuese, who will probably abandon the Gospel, which their mentors appear to forget in controversy, and revert to idolatry and the methods of barbarism

MORAL VERSUS PHYSICAL

WHAT IS COURAGE?

MAN'S VERSUS WOMAN'S

By LILLAH McCARTHY

Of all indefinable qualities, surely courage is the most indefinable. It is a quality of the soul which cannot be reduced to the set terms of a formula. Bernard Shaw has endeavoured to define it as "extraordinarily fine conduct resulting from extraordinarily fine character." But courage is something infinitely more than that. It is a gift of the gods, and cannot be achieved by mortal means. Men are born heroes as they are born cowards. The dictum of the French philosopher is a true one: "If a man is born without courage, he will pretend to have it, but he will never possess it."

THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE

Miss Lillah McCarthy, the celebrated actress, whose views on the question, "What Is Courage?" will be read with especial interest now that our attention is once again drawn to South Polar exploration. She has recently been playing in Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintagiles" at the St. James's Theatre, where she and her husband, Mr. Granville Barker, have had a most successful season with Repertory plays

At the same time, courage is not all of one order. There is physical courage, and there is moral courage; and I hold the man of moral courage to be infinitely greater than he whose body knows no fear. Your dauntless soldier, your intrepid explorer, your fearless aeronaut, these men are always in the public eye. Consciously or unconsciously, there is much "playing to the gallery" in the performance of their deeds of valour. They are certain of the plaudits of the populace. Their achievements generally meet with substantial recognition. They have their material rewards. For deeds of moral bravery there are no grants of monies, lands, or titles. Very rarely indeed do these win the least show of popular applause. And yet often it requires a far finer quality of courage to speak the naked truth or to tell a needful lie than it does to face the onslaught of a wounded tiger at close quarters.

There is hardly a street in London to-day in which one cannot come face to face with this rare quality of courage. It may not require a high degree of moral bravery to hurl a hammer through a Cabinet Minister's window, and then to run away. But the gently bred woman who stands in the gutter, hawking the *Suffragette*, is inspired by moral courage of the highest. She is the conscious object of the ridicule of her friends and acquaintances. She is the butt of the ignorant and of the coarsely grained. With a full consciousness of what she is doing, she exposes herself to the cold indifference or to the blatant contempt of nine out of every ten who pass her by. She does not do this in expectation of reward. The only guerdon that can possibly accrue to her is contained in such satisfaction as she may derive from her own sense of duty bravely done. This same woman will subject herself, deliberately, to the exquisite torture of a "hunger strike," knowing full well —God help her!—that the long vigil of horror will evoke neither sympathetic appreciation of, nor enthusiasm for, her cause. Before ever she enters the prison gates she realises that, so far as the great mass of the people is concerned, she will butcher herself to make a public holiday. Here are combined both physical and moral courage in supreme degree. What is there in the records of the explorer, the aeronaut, or the soldier that can compare with heroism such as this?

A writer in a recent issue of the *Spectator* pointed out that our lawful callings under the earth and over the earth call for a display of daring more universal than ever before in history — that heroism, in fact, is on the increase. The reference, of course, is to the physical courage of men, and may or may not be accurate, but it is beyond all question that the physical and moral courage of women spreads and grows finer daily.

I would not imply that the modern man is incapable of unexampled deeds of heroism. To my mind, as splendid an example of courage as any displayed throughout the centuries was contained in the self-sacrifice of Captain Oates, who gave up his life in the noble endeavour to save the lives of his companions on the Scott expedition to the South Pole. But, as I would maintain strenuously that moral courage is infinitely the superior of physical courage, so I would maintain, and with equal emphasis, that the courage of the modern woman is greater and finer than that of the modern man.

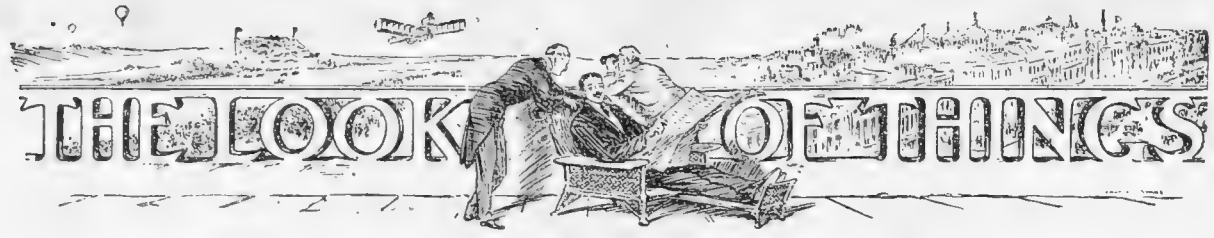
LILLAH McCARTHY

A New Portrait of Viscountess Curzon

WITH HER YOUNG SON, GODCHILD OF THE LATE KING EDWARD VII.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Lady Curzon is the wife of Viscount Curson, the only son of the Earl of Howe, whom she married in 1907. She is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon and is a cousin of her husband's. Her son the Hon. E. R. A. Penn Curzon-Howe, was born in 1908, the late King Edward VII standing sponsor at his christening



FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A SPIRIT of reckless activity seems to be going to pervade the year 1914. Sir Ernest Shackleton means to cross the South Pole Continent, M. Vedrines intends to fly round the world, and Mr. Lloyd George has it in his mind to remain at the Treasury.

* * *

With luck, there should be fewer wars this year than last. Certainly England will not provoke one. We are the most peaceful people in the world, and only at Christmas time a gentleman celebrated his fiftieth year as a carol-singer, having been shot at, while carolling. but once.

* * *

There may be some political squabbles, of course ; and every one should practise going down a fire-escape (while this question of Votes for Women continues), as nobody can say that his house won't be the next to burn. But sliding down a fire-escape is quite easy to learn—much easier than the Tango, anyway—so that we must not grumble.

* * *

Members of Lloyd's have been insuring themselves against mumps, and members of the Stock Exchange think of following suit by insuring themselves against melancholia.

* * *

Some excitement seems to have been caused in the daily papers by the news that Sir Mackenzie Bowell, of Ontario, still writes leading articles, though in his ninetieth year. Apparently the ordinary leaderwriter over here is younger than this, though no one, we feel sure, would have suspected it.

* * *

Emil Zerkowitz, a Hungarian, has been ordered to be deported from the United States on the ground that he once fought a duel at Buda-Pesth. We congratulate the authorities on this decision, for clearly it would be most dangerous to admit M. Zerkowitz. American moralists, disgusted by his wicked conduct, might so easily be tempted to lynch him.

* * *

"Justice by telephone is the latest innovation in New York." We have often thought that cross-examination by gramophone would save some of our busier K.C.'s a lot of work, and cure some of the law's delays considerably.

The obtaining of justice by telephone we are, perhaps, as yet hardly ready for. In England, the telephones won't even do themselves justice.

* * *

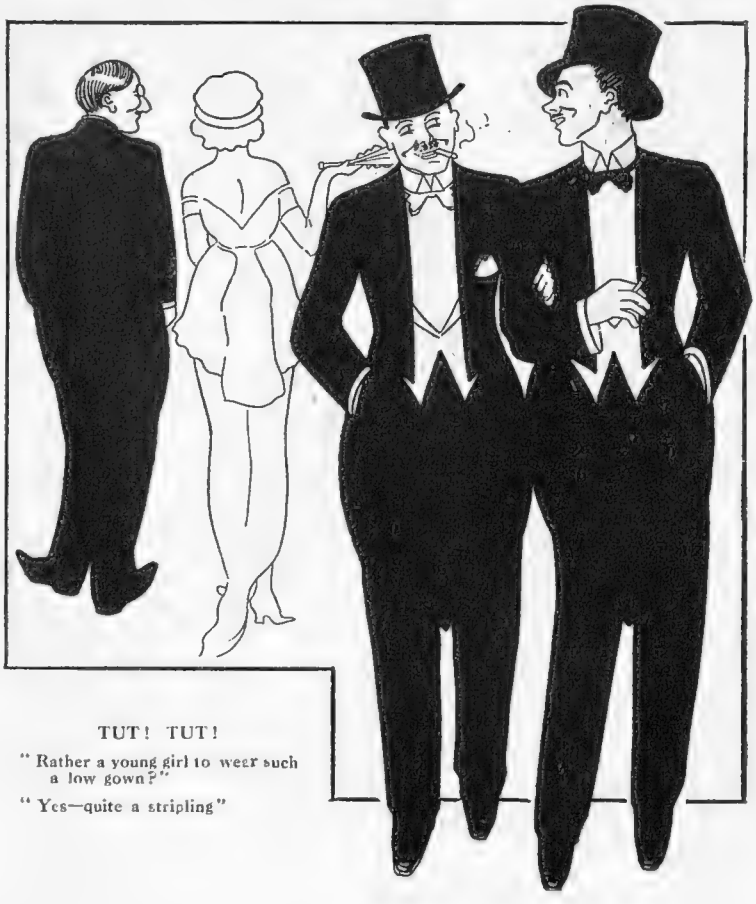
Criminals are, on the whole, less lovable men than judges, but they have, it seems, points of superiority. According to the *Daily Mail*, the average criminal retires at the age of sixty.

* * *

"Are millionaires happy?" is a question often asked. In the case of the Chicago millionaire whose wife is stated to have written for fifteen babies (including Irish, German, Scandinavian, Negro, Indian, Arab, Japanese, Chinese, and Malay), whom she intends to adopt, we doubt if the answer would be in the affirmative.

* * *

"It is officially announced that the Olympic Games fixed for 1914 in Athens will not take place." We sincerely hope that Turkey, now that she has bought that Brazilian Dreadnought, will accept this notification, and not attempt to play any games in Athens.

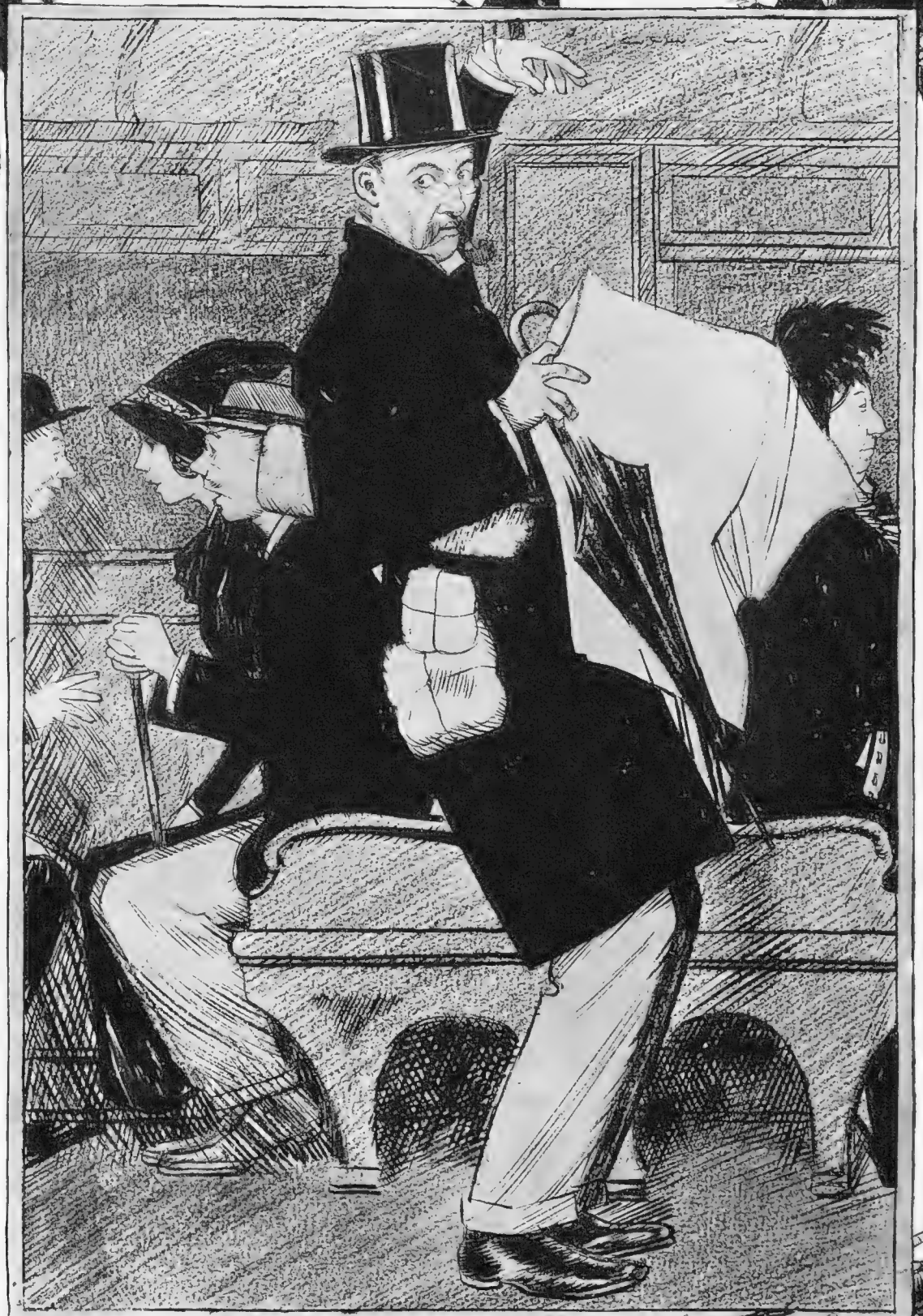


TUT! TUT!

"Rather a young girl to wear such a low gown?"

"Yes—quite a stripling"

PRESENT DAY TYPES



No. II.—THE STRAPHANGER

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Bystander in PARIS

ON THE PULLING OF STRINGS

Affection for the Great

Way down at the bottom of my little heart I have always felt more than a little sympathy for Mrs. Leo Hunter of the *Pickwick Papers*. I see the absurd side of her, of course, but I admit to an affection for the great, though I like to select my own great folk, and have never been able to bow down and worship notoriety unless there is something behind it. Kipling is the man of all men whom I should like to know. I met the Jubilee Plunger at lunch once. He didn't interest me, nor did Mlle. Merelli. But I love knowing people who have done things, and people who are going to do more things yet, interest me immensely.

"No Story"

So I looked forward to my interview with M. Joseph Caillaux, France's present pilot, with more than a little pleasure. There was another journalist in the theatre-like rotunda, furnished in grey velvet and carpeted with scarlet, of the Ministère de Finances at the Louvre. "Caillaux? Five minutes and no story," he predicted. He was wrong. I spent an hour with him, and there was lots more "story" than I shall ever write. "Monsieur Raphael, s'il vous plait!" called the usher with the silver-plated chain. And as I trotted into the immense room, a dapper little man shot up out of his chair at the big writing table, a hand shot out and grasped mine as though it meant it, and I had the feeling that the only reason no drinks were called for was because this was a Frenchman.

Caillaux Described

M. Caillaux is not a bit like what you would expect from his photograph; he is not a bit like the popular notion of a Minister of France, and if Mr. Harrod exists in the flesh, I am sure he is very much like him. A man of affairs. Dapper as I have said, well and unobtrusively dressed, quite bald (as the photographs show), with a little fringe of reddish hair circling the open space, M. Caillaux is ruddy-faced, as though he lived much in the open air, or enjoyed a poor digestion, his tooth-brush moustache is reddish, and his little teeth are bad. He moves on springs, and talks rapidly, vivaciously, and with much charm, and he is less of a diplomat than any man I ever met except Lord Northcliffe.

A Confidential Chat

I had called on him to ask for an expression of his feelings towards England and the English. These, contrary to what had been said about him, were most cordial, he assured me. And then almost before I realised what was happening, France's Finance Minister, the man who is acknowledged by friends and enemies alike to be the man who really rules in France just now, was chatting as a friend would chat with friend over the after-dinner cigar, and showing me how like the inner working of the machinery of politics is to the social life of Blackheath or of any other suburb.

CROSS-COUNTRY CYCLING

A cycle race is held in the winter at Fontainbleau every year. One of the cyclists is here seen crossing the rocks, carrying his machine in the snow. Without, of course, knowing much about it, we should say that this was carrying things a bit too far!

Undiplomatic

We had been talking about (or rather M. Caillaux had been talking, for I have been a journalist too long to do more than drop in a helpful word now and then when my victim is willing to talk) we had been talking about Mr. Lloyd George and his land schemes—"I shouldn't have a follower in democratic France if I had dared what he dares," M. Caillaux said—about the First Lord, and about other things and men at home. Then suddenly "a knack of saying nasty things whenever possible is a very dangerous knack for a diplomat," said M. Caillaux. I burst out laughing. "Hardly a knack for a diplomat at all, I should think," I answered.

Power for Harm

In a moment M. Caillaux was out of his chair, and dancing, literally dancing, up and down on the edge of the fender before the big fire. In a moment I realised why this man makes so many enemies, and remembered a story I had heard of his listening to the report of a very high official, saying "C'est idiot," and making that man his enemy for life. I am not going to retell what M. Caillaux told me, in his own words, though I have those words almost exactly by heart and could swear to the gist of them in a court of law. But I am going to tell you what I learnt from them, because they opened my eyes to the power for harm of a man in the public service who tries to live up to a reputation for saying smart things without the milk of human kindness in them. M. Caillaux will have to live down his reputation of Anglophobia, though I am convinced from his own lips that it is quite undeserved. It has come to him from our own Ambassador, and indirectly from his own old friend, M. Georges Clémenceau.

A Dangerous Gift

Ambassadors, of course, should be careful of interfering in the home politics of the country in which they represent their king, but even ambassadors are not always circumspect, and Sir Francis Bertie has the dangerous gift of smart and even venomous speech which has led better men astray. When Mr. Winston Churchill visited the battlefield of Sedan, it was Sir Francis Bertie who mentioned the fact to members of the government in Paris, and

Our Lost Enlivener

TRAGIC MYSTERY ROBS L'ENTENTE OF A MIRTH-MAKING ASSET

THE LATE HARRY FRAGSON: FROM A FRENCH CARICATURE

The loss, through murder, of Harry Fragson, who was shot by his father in Paris last week, is irreparable. He alone was able to enliven English and French audiences with songs in either language—or both. His art was thus an asset to the Entente as well as to the world of entertainment

rubbed the venom in. It is Sir Francis Bertie who has been responsible in England for the rumour of M. Caillaux' Anglophobia. And if there should be any difficulties to be negotiated between France and England just now, the negotiations would pass through Sir Francis Bertie.

Possible Improvements

All of which leads me to ask very seriously, whether a sweeping improvement is not possible in the conduct of modern diplomacy, whether the way in which international strings are now pulled is not less likely to be useful than to lead to entanglement, and whether in a word, the time is not approaching for ambassadors to be improved out of the scheme of things entirely. Long residence in a foreign country, constant association with that country's politicians, naturally cause any human being (and even ambassadors are human) to take likes and dislikes. It is perhaps impossible for an ambassador to France to avoid taking sides in French politics. If this be so, he cannot help but harm the very relationship which he is paid to maintain, and our own ambassador to Paris has damaged the entente cordiale by taking sides in questions which do not concern him, on more occasions than one, as certainly as the Italian Embassy nearly caused war during the Dreyfus case. JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

MARZIPAN: A WARNING TO NEPHEWS

Wonderful Sweetmeats

Stanislas Porphyrievitch Moïsewski has been disinherited by his aunt, the manufacturer's widow, Mrs. Wanda Zakrewski. The culprit is marzipan. Marzipan is a wonderful North German sweetmeat, made out of almonds and sugar. It is unknown in oppressed Poland. The charm of marzipan is that you can shape it and colour it to look like anything. It is made into dummy apples and oranges, dummy sides of bacon, dummy sausages, and even dummy carcases. These are so like the real thing that even Germans, brought up on Marzipan, are deceived.

Looking Round the Shops

Not only had Stanislas Porphyrievitch Moïsewski never seen marzipan but he knew no word of German. When he arrived here on December 28th as agent for the firm of Gusiok, Zakrewski & Co., he depended entirely for guidance upon his kindly but waggish acquaintance Herr Jan Liubomirski. Liubomirski showed him *das Nachtleben*; dosed him with Henckel Trocken; and showed him around the shops. And they stopped outside Ziethen's well-known sweet-shop.

Sweet Turnips

"They're queer customers, these *Deitsche*," said Stanislas, parading with true Slavonic accent his only German word. "Why queer?" asked Liubomirski. "They sell turnips in a confectioner's." "Idiot," said Liubomirski. "That's marzipan. The turnips are sweets." And to convince incredulous Stanislas he entered the shop; and emerged with his teeth through a carrot of marzipan.

Marzipan Pig

In Liepzigerstrasse they come upon a second sweet-shop, where, above boxes of chocolate and Turkish delight, hung a life-sized marzipan pig, slit up in butcher's fashion, and displaying its sanguinary inner organs, all made of marzipan. Astonished Stanislas insisted on entering the shop to make sure that Liubomirski was not fooling him. Superior Liubomirski grinned; and his grin showed that he was thinking something out. "That's nothing," he said pointing, to the pig. "There's a sweet-shop farther on which specialises in marzipan made to resemble beef, mutton, and pork. It sells nothing else." And he dragged doubting Stanislas to Pleydel's butcher's shop. "Surely this time it's meat?" said Stanislas. "It's marzipan," said Liubomirski.

A Birthday Gift

On January the First, a previous Sylvester Night devoted to *das Nachtleben* left Liubomirski bilious. So Stanislas had to inspect Berlin without a guide. As he wandered along the Leipzigerstrasse, he found himself unintentionally outside the butcher Pleydel's shop. And he suddenly thought of his aunt; and remembered that her birthday is January the 7th; and that she always gives a birthday dinner party to the Lodz plutocracy. He remembered, too, how he had been puzzling his wits to find her an original present, something interesting and ingenious that cannot be bought at Lodz. "Marzipan!" A moment later he had entered the butcher's shop.

Ox-Liver

Where, of course, no one knew a word of Poland's sibilant tongue. But by dint of gesticulating and pulling the butcher's elbow Stanilas gained his point. He selected, much to the butcher's amazement, a vast ox-liver; had it done up in three thick papers; and firmly convinced that he had purchased a marvellous marzipan imitation which would delight his wealthy auntie—he made for his hotel. It was the work of a moment to dump the parcel into a wooden box; and send the hotel commissionaire to despatch the parcel to Lodz.

An Ingenious Surprise

And with it flew to Lodz an affectionate, congratulatory letter from "Your loving nephew." The letter prepared dear auntie for a surprise; and gave her instructions intended to make the surprise more effective. The box, wrote Stanislas, must be kept intact until the birthday dinner of January 7th, when it ought to be opened during dessert in the presence of the guests. "What you will see at first may somewhat surprise you," added Stanislas, "but don't be frightened. Tell the servant to hand the box around, and offer every guest a portion of the contents."

The Reason Why

The birthday dinner at Mrs. Zakrewski's villa was an unexampled success. Until the dessert that is. And now you know why Mrs. Zakrewski changed her will; and left her seven million roubles to found a Home for Cats.

Comfortable Garb

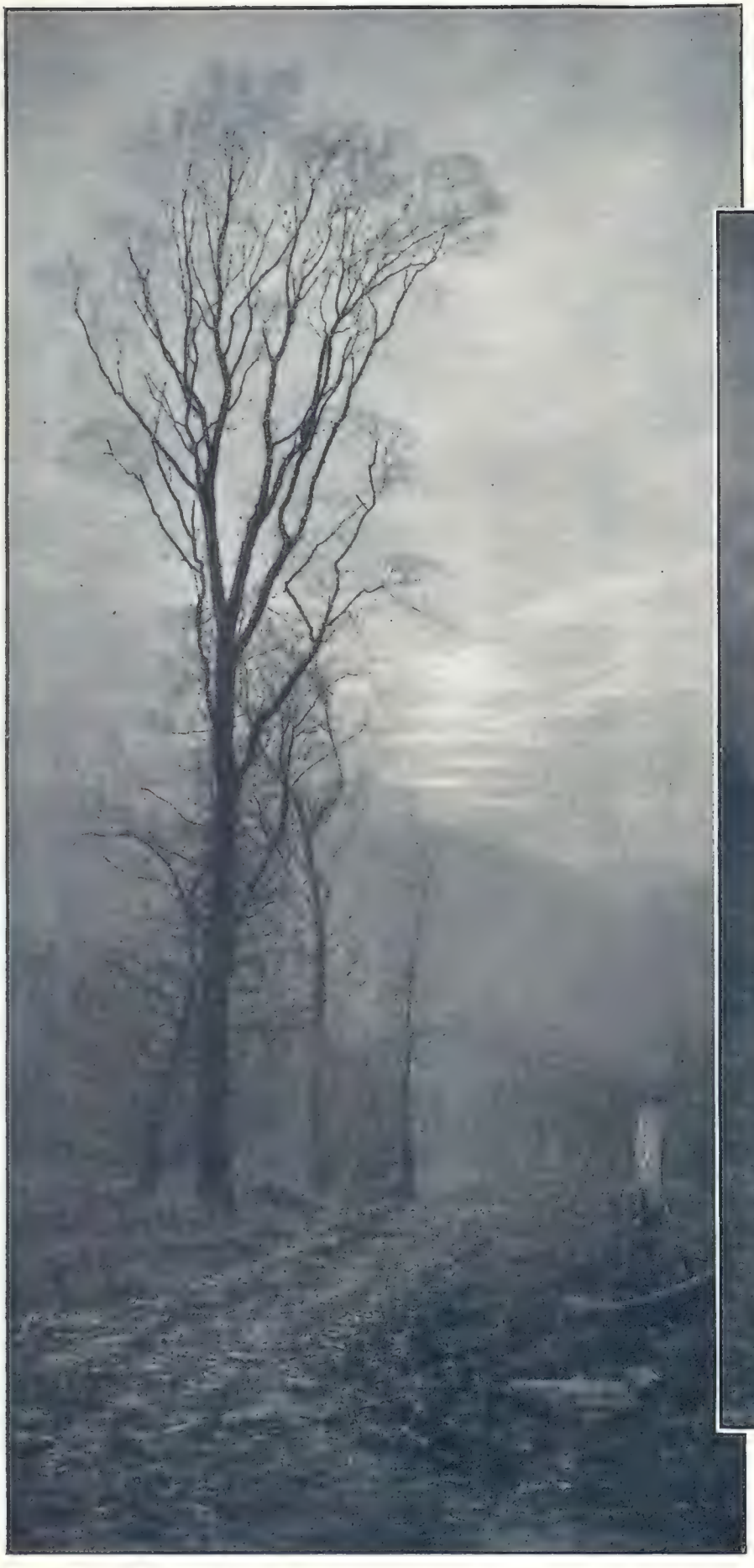
WHICH LEAVES ELEGANCE TO TAKE CARE OF ITSELF

Photograph *Sport and General*

The very latest thing in fashions for those who toboggan at winter sport resorts in the Mt. Blanc district is a type of "divided skirt," which is so much modified that it becomes mainly "a thing divided," with practically no "skirt" about it—in fact, as a result, knickerbockers. As seen above in the photograph, which was taken on a luge run at Chamonix, the effect is not particularly elegant, though that it can be so is proved by the picture on page 28

"Sic Transit Gl

Sunset and Twilight in th



Here larches proudly raise on high
Their naked boughs, against the bold
Purple and pink, all tinged with gold,
The gorgeous raiment of the sky:

And there stone ruins, baffling Time
With battlemented towers, stand
Beside the marge of some low str
That sluggish wavelets slowly climb

ANSIT GLORIA"

Twilight in the Winter

stone ruins, baffling Time,
ttlemented towers, stand
he marge of some low strand
ish wavelets slowly climb:

And in the pine-wood's leafy halls,
Where, mirror'd in the watery ways,
The leaves defy the shortening days,
The winter twilight softly falls.—A. B. H.

Utility Combined with Elegance

Photograph] A LADY SKIER'S "SENSIBLE" DRESS ON A SNOW SLOPE AT CHAMONIX [*Sport and General*

The Navy from Within

NO. II.—THE LAW OF THE DIRK SCABBARD

By A NAVAL OFFICER

NOTE.—*Each of these sketches is intended to show some side of Naval life, which is missed, as a rule, by the outside author*

HE came on board, looking very clean and smart and new, though there was a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

His experience of the Navy had been limited to a year in the old *Britannia* and four months in a training cruiser. This was his first real experience of life as an officer, and he felt distinctly nervous as he climbed the gangway.

The officer-of-the-watch acknowledged his "Come aboard to join, Sir," and told him to cut down to the gunroom, and to report himself to the commander at eight-thirty next morning in round jacket and dirk. Then the midshipman of the watch took charge of him, and led him below.

The Sub-Lieutenant sat sprawling in a big armchair in front of the gunroom stove, with his feet resting gracefully against the burnished chimney

"Are you the new snottie?" he inquired, genially.

The latest-joined flushed, and admitted the fact.

"I am glad that you arrived safely," went on the Sub, politely. "And I hope that you will get on all right in the gunroom."

The newcomer thanked him nervously.

"Here, you," went on the Sub, seizing a passing midshipman by the tail of his coat, "show Smith his cleaning quarters, so that he can get to work as soon as he has had twenty-four hours to settle down in, and explain carefully to him the law of the Dirk Scabbard."

Smith was led away.

In a short ten minutes all his preconceived notions of life as a gunroom officer had changed. He discovered that he was responsible for the cleaning of the brass-work of two of the scuttles; that the papers and magazines were neatly arranged five minutes before the commencement of each meal; and that, except at meal-times, he had better keep clear of the gunroom, unless he wanted a dozen with the wrong end of a Dirk Scabbard.

The junior midshipmen, clustering round him in the chest flat, also explained many other things.

They told him that if the Sub ever stuck a fork in the beams overhead he must at once rush from the mess for his life, and that, if that omnipotent young officer murmured "breadcrumbs" he must at once ram his fingers into his ears, and not listen to the conversation, under pain of a sound beating.

The newcomer listened with awe and astonishment to these young heroes. He decided, in spite of his father's opinion that corporal punishment was degrading, that these particular youths seemed to have thriven on it, and when at last he turned into his hammock, dead weary with his first day aboard ship, he had come to the conclusion that, though the Navy was a very terrifying place indeed, it possibly possessed many compensations.

Two days later he bent tightly over the gunroom table, at the urgent request of the Sub, and received upon his defenceless and tight-stretched skin two dozen of the best.

He had gone away in charge of a sailing-cutter for the first time, and, returning in a stiff breeze, had rammed the gangway ladder, bows on. This was the punishment, and, rising from his cramped attitude a sadder and wiser youth, he then and there determined not to make the ramming of gangways a life habit.

Strange to say, he felt no feeling of revenge towards the Sub, nor did he feel particularly degraded by the punishment. He only felt that it was preferable to walk about instead of sitting down.

This was but the first of a long series of corporal punishments. At intervals of a day or two he was beaten, because he failed to get the officer-of-the-watch's relief on deck as eight bells struck; for having a spot of verdigris on one of the gunroom scuttles; for laughing when the Master-at-Arms' false teeth fell out; and especially was he beaten for saying a hearty and cheerful "Good morning" to the First Lieutenant when that officer was suffering from liver.

A few weeks from the day he joined her his ship arrived at her station on the Persian Gulf, to relieve a war-worn veteran, who, with seventy-eight patches on her bottom, and so many missing rivets that the pumps were kept continually at work, was being sent home to pay-off, and to find a place on the sale-list.

He did not like the Persian Gulf; it was too hot and too steamy, and, even skin inured by long acquaintance with the wrong end of a Dirk Scabbard, returned to its original state of flabby tenderness. Also, people's tempers grew shorter than usual. It was a case of a word and a blow, and the blow usually got there first.

But when he discovered that the sailing pinnace, with the Sub in command and himself as First Lieutenant, was to be sent away on a week's dhow-chasing, he cheered up considerably.

The Sub gave him a word of advice beforehand.

"Now, young-feller-me-lad, don't forget to behave yourself while you're away with me, because, if you don't, I'll beat the life out of you when we get back."

The snottie promised humbly, and they set off.

For five long sweating days and five sodden steamy nights the Sub swore at him, shared his overcoat with him, and kept his watch for him.

For five temper-racking days, and muggy sleepless nights, the Sub swore at the crew with a cheerful touch of humour which bade them grin cheerfully back and not resent, and the snottie looked up and learnt much.

At last, on the morning of the sixth day, the first streak of light showed them a dhow, only a quarter of a mile away, and well to leeward of them.

The Sub gave a sharp order, and a second later the twelve-pounder in the bows of the pinnace bellowed forth the noisy challenge of a blank shot. The Sub

watched the dhow through his glasses, but she showed no inclination to stop.

Then the Sub gave another order, and this time a common shell raised a fountain of spray half a cable ahead of the quarry. The dhow seemed surprised at this show of determination, and, altering her mind and her helm together, swung about in stays waiting for the man-o'-war's boat.

The pinnace, pulled by sixteen lusty pairs of arms, shot alongside. The bowman caught hold of a loose rope's-end and prepared to climb up the side.

"Get back in the boat there," shouted the Sub, "I'm going to have the glory of being first this trip."

He reached up his arms, and pulled himself level with the deck of the dhow. His head appeared for a moment against the sky-line above the bulwark.

The snottie, trembling with the excitement of the moment, clutched his revolver tightly, and prepared to follow. A noise above made him raise his eyes sharply, and, at the same moment, something hot and stinging struck him in the eyes, and almost blinded him. He put up his hand to wipe it away.

Something hit the deck at his feet with a thump, and he heard the coxswain of the boat shout,

"Any more there for glory? No? Then shove off forrard."

The snottie rubbed his eyes clear, and looked at the back of his hands; they were covered in blood.

He looked down at his feet; the Sub's body lay there, headless and horrible.

For a startled moment fear seized him, and then another feeling took its place.

He forgot that the coxswain of the boat had been playing this game while he himself was still a schoolboy; he forgot that the right thing to do was to lay off and plug shrapnel into the dhow until she sunk; he forgot his fear; he forgot everything except that the Sub—his Sub—had been killed by the cowardly enemy.

"Hang on forrard," he shouted, in a voice that had suddenly become deep bass, "I am in command now."

He leapt for the dhow's side.

"Follow me and scupper 'em," he shouted, as he pulled his lithe, seventeen-year-old body to the level of the dhow's deck. A scimitar blow was aimed at him, but, somehow, he dodged it, and then for the first time he pulled the trigger of his revolver in anger, and the face of the man with the scimitar was blotted out behind a veil of smoke.

His boat's crew did not hesitate; they knew that this was the wrong way to tackle the gun-runner, and they recognised that their commanding officer was, to put it politely, a silly young fool, but—they were British sailors. With a wild whoop of "Play up, Pompey!" they swarmed up the side after him.

The pinnace drifted away at its own sweet will; even the boat-keepers had forgotten their duty. No consideration could be allowed to interfere with their enjoyment of such a heavenly scrap as this.

It was all over in ten minutes, and those who were left of the pinnace's crew stood and cheered themselves hoarse on the slippery gore-stained deck.

The coxswain looked round.

"Where's the snottie?" he asked, anxiously. "He's a plucky little bounder. I 'ope 'e ain't killed."

His eyes turned forward, and there, right in the bows, he saw his commanding officer, crouched up, with shaking shoulders, against the bulkhead, weeping.

The coxswain did not understand, but he felt compelled to offer comfort.

"What's up, Sir?" he asked, putting his arm gently round his commanding officer's shoulders. "It's all over, an' yer killed four o' the blighters yerself."

The snottie tried to regain his composure, and failed miserably.

"I—I kn—know," he sobbed, "but they c—cut his head off, and he was *such* a good chap!"

* * * * * *

The snottie's father still thinks that corporal punishment is degrading, but his son knows better. He has learned the law of the Dirk Scabbard.

NEXT WEEK—
"DE MORTUIS ——"
BY THE SAME CONTRIBUTOR

ADMIRALS OF THE FUTURE

If the present craze for younger admirals is carried to extremes together with the blocking of promotion for junior officers

By E. G. O. Beuttler

Fantasies in Fashion

No. II.—"THE LOVE BIRD"

BY PURCELL JONES

Mr. Shaw and his Russian Critics

A CLEVER CARICATURE OF THE AUTHOR OF "GREAT CATHERINE," AS SEEN BY RUSSIAN EYES
BY ANDR

BY THE BYSTANDER IN RUSSIA

With Open Eyes

When a foreign writer enters the preserves of another country in search of dramatic game, he does so with his eyes open and with the certain knowledge that his trespass will be vigorously prosecuted.

"G.B.S." and Russian Drama

Bernard Shaw has written a play on Russia, and, therefore, G. B. S. must be prepared to take the consequences. Naturally, it is highly important for the successful dramatist to follow the prevailing fashions, even if these fashions be altogether unsuited to him. We have had Russian ballet and Russian opera. Why not Russian drama? Our own drama is admittedly submerged for the moment. Why not Russian drama manufactured by G. B. S.! The "great English Satyr" understands well enough that English people care nothing for, and care still less about, the artistic principles of the Slav theatre. Things Russian are at present the fashion, just as Tangos and Revues. And, therefore, G. B. S., who could have out-witted any American in advertising acumen, has given us—a Russian play. *Great Catherine* is the latest medium for exhibiting the humorous wares of "Great Shaw." Our leading dramatist has been at some pains to dazzle us all by his marvellous erudition. Mr. Shaw is a Socialist, but, like many other Socialists, he has a liking for aristocrats. His acquaintance with the Foreign Office is proved by his spelling of the word "St. Petersburgh" in the proper diplomatic manner. Then, too, the ordinary English rendering of Potemkin is not good enough for the up-to-date phoneticians of the Poet Laureate's school. One of those divine little dancers of M. Diagilieff's has told G. B. S. that "Patiomkin" is the proper pronunciation. In this way do our leading dramatists impart a kind of neo-Futurism local colour to their historical sketches!

"Shaviana"

Mr. Shaw, however, has let himself down badly as far as his Russian critics are concerned, and Russian critics do know something about the drama. Hitherto, G. B. S. has been a decently honoured guest in Russia, and in Petersburg—I mean, of course, St. Petersburgh—his *Mrs. Warren's Profession* has been played with great success. Russians, however, have not the same admiration for him as, say, the Germans have, and we are not likely to see "Shaviana" at the Moscow Art Theatre. Still, as long as he made fun of the hypocrisies of English life, Russian critics were prepared to welcome him with open arms.

A Joke?

Now, however, they find "a marked falling away in G. B. S.'s creative powers." "The new Shaw play has as little local colour as it has good taste." "The fine satirist has become a vulgar buffoon." "Shaw apparently considers this a joke!" These are harsh criticisms, but what would we English say of a Russian skit on Queen Elizabeth? Our Russian friends are neither over-sensitive nor over-patriotic, but they quite naturally fail to see the humour of a sketch which they consider a vulgar parody of their greatest Empress. For ourselves we make no comment, unless it be to say that it seems to us somewhat unfair for one dramatist to make fun of another after her death. Catherine herself was a successful dramatist. Her life is a sure testimony that she had a fine sense of humour. Just imagine what a splendid subject for a scandalous comedy the great Empress would have found in Shaw!

The Obvious Course

THE GUV'NOR (*threateningly*): "Look here, Parkin, I've got tired of seeing these figures dropping month after month, and I shall have to seriously consider taking the only steps left to me to bring about an alteration"

THE MANAGER: "Yes sir, and from when would your resignation take effect?"

BY FRED BUCHANAN

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Fortune Hunter" at the Queen's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a simple but extremely entertaining play performed by actors who have quite a perfect grasp of their art. The story is carried on with such ease and clearness that it seems more like a novel than a play, so well do the actors express the characters they represent. Chief of the company is Mr. Hale Hamilton as Nathaniel Duncan, an unsuccessful commercial traveller who has been "fired" by his employers for general incompetency. Duncan has a friend named Kellogg, who is, on the other hand, an extremely able man of business, and who obligingly undertakes to show how any man of indifferent abilities may become worth a million dollars in the rather brief space of twelve months. Briefly, what Duncan must do is to attire himself in the latest "City" fashions, and go and reside in some rural village which is mainly occupied by wealthy men and their very eligible daughters. From such villages, it appears, the young men who are worth anything invariably migrate to the towns as early as possible; and the girls they leave behind them have to choose between marrying mere yokels or remaining in single blessedness for ever and ever, amen. And I have been told that the latter alternative is not one that the majority of ladies are disposed to contemplate with equanimity.

The part of Kellogg is played by Mr. William Boyd Davis, who is quite an unusually able actor. His explanation of his "get-rich-quick" scheme occupies a considerable part of the first act; and in less competent hands such a lengthy monologue might have become tiresome. But Mr. Davis, speaking in a quiet, conversational tone, contrives to make every moment of it interesting. In the end Duncan goes to the young and growing town of Radville, where his nice manners and his "City" clothes soon excite the attention of the gossips. Incidentally, we learn that, for the purposes of his matrimonial campaign, he neither smokes nor drinks, and also that he goes to church with a regularity that for such a man must border on the heroic. In Radville, Duncan hires himself out as assistant to Sam Graham, the village chemist, a man already on the point of bankruptcy. Graham is, indeed, such a deplorably bad man of business that Duncan's abilities in that direction, poor as they are, seem by contrast to be positively brilliant.

In a very short while Duncan, by the simplest possible methods, has changed the untidy little shop into a thriving store; and we find ourselves in a brisk atmosphere of money-making and courtship—the two most powerful magnets of the world. I have often wished I could make some money, and I followed Duncan's methods with the closest attention in the hope that I might derive from them a few useful tips that I could subsequently use to my own advantage. After all, one never knows; and there is a house in Park Lane that I have had my eye on for years.

It does not take Duncan long to get on good terms with the big banker of the village. The banker takes to Duncan because of his (apparent) temperate habits and his regularity as a church-goer; and Duncan takes to the banker because he is a millionaire with a marriageable daughter. It has been said that

LOVE AND TEMPERANCE

exchange is no robbery, but sometimes, in my reflective moods, I think it all depends. A peculiarity of the great banker is that he has a nervous twitch of the facial muscles, which gives him the appearance of being eternally in the act of winking the other eye, so to speak. When he comes into the chemist's shop and asks for a drink from the soda-fountain, and insists that he will have it quite plain, his face twitches nervously while he speaks. Duncan, therefore, reaches for the whiskey decanter, and sophisticates the soda-water very liberally with Old Rye. He is apparently quite familiar with the masonic signals of Prohibition cities, and is bound to conclude that the great banker is one of the fraternity. The banker takes his drink at a gulp, and cannot understand why people want intoxicating drinks when plain soda-water tastes so good. From that moment he is the young man's friend, and hopes that Duncan will visit his home and make the acquaintance of his daughter Josie.

Duncan's chase after Josie is quite too easy. I did not know that becoming engaged to an heiress was so simple a matter; and I wonder now why someone does not float a company and bring this laudable enterprise within the reach of other amiable but penurious young men with a distaste for proper industry. Josie, in fact, makes the running herself, and even spares Duncan the bother of making his own proposal; but there are, of course, the usual complications, and it seems that the course of true love does not run smoothly even when the ladies are engineering the business exclusively. Mem. for Suffragists.

In addition to the fascinating story of the play, there are presented a number of well-drawn characters of village life, all of them having a delightfully humorous and human quality. The chemist himself, Sam Graham, a man who has neglected all his business interests for the sake of giving rein to an alleged inventive genius, is strikingly well played by Mr. Forrest Robinson. Then we have the village tailor, the deputy sheriff, the banker, the errand boy, and many more—all distinct and well-defined types. And each one does something to carry the story forward in a pleasant and natural way. Mr. Hale Hamilton is, of course, the life and soul of the piece, with his quaint mannerisms and his rare sense of the humorous, and those who do not like *The Fortune Hunter* must be very hard to please indeed. A play that is not only very interesting but is also extremely well acted is not so common in London just now that we can afford to pass it by without notice; and I imagine that this very charming production will readily find the support it deserves. JINGLE

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories

FRIENDSHIP'S LAUGH

By E. MURROUGH

MILES FIELDING sat in a corner of the hotel-lounge on the night of his arrival in Wengen, and critically studied the medley assembly.

His deep grey eyes sparkled eagerly, each sparkle denoting that another jotting had been added to his mental notebook.

He loved Switzerland, and every year paid a visit to one of the many sports resorts, play-grounds to which his fellow-countrymen flocked.

The life in the crowded hotels was one of never-failing interest to him, packed as it was with so many little tragedies and comedies, so many meetings and partings and fleeting friendships, for Fielding was a great lover of humanity—humanity that rolled its virtues and vices so neatly together that it was sometimes hard to tell where one began and the other ended.

On the night in question the inmates of the hotel, British for the most part, were standing and sitting about in groups, sipping their coffee and smoking. It was a gay scene, the brightly lit room, the many-hued dresses of the women, and the happy, smiling faces. Every now and then a stir was made by the exit of a party, bound for a dance at a neighbouring hotel.

Fielding, sitting quietly smoking in his corner, was enjoying himself immensely. It was thus he always preferred to study people at first, then later to get to know those who struck him as interesting. The Briton abroad is an amusing person to watch, for he loses that all-powerful conventionality, and seems to let his true nature have play.

Curious eyes were turned in Fielding's direction from time to time; people wondered who the quiet man was with the cynical face and solemn grey eyes.

He had just marked down several promising companions for ski-ing expeditions, and was engaged at the moment in staring a bold-faced girl in vivid emerald-green out of countenance, when a hand came down with a resounding slap on his shoulder.

"Fielding, by all that's marvellous!" a cheery voice exclaimed, and wheeling quickly round he found himself face to face with an old college chum.

"Jove, it's Thompson!" he cried, shaking the outstretched hand vigorously: "This always is the country for unexpected meetings. Let me see, the last time was when you and I dined with James and Denley at the Rivoli. Gad, we had a night of it! What are you doing here? Married a wife, or is the sinner yet uppermost?"

Thompson laughed. "There's a good bit of the sinner left, Fielding, but he's on the shelf for the moment. I'm here with my sister Ruth and her husband. Ever met Deane? M.P. for East Clayshire, decent sort of chap. Talk of angels, here he comes!"

Fielding was not prepossessed with Deane. He was a tall man, whose age might be taken for anything between forty and fifty. He had rather a soldierly bearing, and surveyed his surroundings in a superior, aloof way. In short, he was the type of man whom women set up as a hero while men look on and laugh up their sleeves.

"Glad to meet you! Just arrived, eh — then you won't be coming on to the dance at the Victoria?"

Deane spoke in a slow, impressive manner. There was a resonant ring in his voice that women take for suppressed passion; it stirs them as it had doubtless stirred the trusting electors in East Clayshire.

"Ruth will be down directly," he continued, turning to Thompson, "I had to call the chambermaid to fasten her dress. Lord, when will women do up their clothes in a sensible way?"

The superior tone and the boastful air of proprietorship grated on Fielding.

They went on to discuss the skating of the afternoon. Fielding was not paying much heed. His eyes wandered away, and travelled over the crowd.

Suddenly he drew in his breath sharply, as he caught sight of a girl coming slowly down the broad staircase.

There had been many episodes centred round women in his gay, wandering life, but never had he seen

Photograph *Sport and General*

A FAMILY PARTY AT MÜRREN

Being a photograph of those enthusiastic winter-sporters, Lord Lytton, Viscount Knebworth (his son), and Lady Hermione Lytton (his daughter), enjoying a healthy Christmas on the ice

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(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 36)

anybody like the girl whom he was watching now. It seemed as if she was the ideal that he had been waiting for all his life, the dream that had prevented any of those other episodes from going below the surface.

There was nothing particularly striking about her, save a quiet, restful charm, which drew all eyes to her.

Greedily, Fielding took in everything about her, the delicate oval face, the soft brown hair that waved so prettily round her forehead, the deep brown eyes with their wistful expression, and, above all, the grace of her every movement.

She was dressed in a glorious shade of old-gold satin, that harmonised to perfection with her hair and eyes, that enhanced the whiteness of her arms and shoulders and added yet more to the sensuous charm of her lithe young body.

She had reached the lowest step, when a chain of dull gold beads that she was wearing caught on the end of the balustrade, snapped, and went flying in all directions.

"Please do not trouble! It is nothing really—no value whatever."

There was an under-current of laughter in the voice, and Fielding was struck by the soft, rich tone.

In the vicinity of the staircase all was confusion. The groups of idlers had broken up and were stooping, bumping into one another and rummaging under chairs for the dream-girl's lost treasures.

For one moment Fielding looked into the dancing, brown eyes, and they both laughed.

"Come to grief, dear?" Deane's voice fell with a shock on Fielding's ears. There was distinct disapproval in it, disapproval in his whole bearing, for like many of his race, he hated anything in the nature of a scene. His wife's necklace might be of no value, but she need not proclaim the fact thus to this idiotic, chattering crowd.

Fielding was introduced, a proceeding that seemed needless, both to him and Mrs. Deane, after the meeting of their eyes and their mutual laugh.

He wondered, with a fire of indignation in his soul, what it was that had brought this marriage to pass. Was it the combination that Wilde speaks of—tiredness on the part of the man, curiosity on the part of the woman, or was it just mad infatuation on the girl's side?

He could not tell, but of one thing he was certain—it was a mistake, a mistake that the girl would realise more and more as the years sped on.

He took coffee with his newly found friends and needed but little persuasion to go on to the dance with them. Bitterly he cursed his fate. It was as if suddenly his whole outlook had been darkened shutting out the sun from his life for he had met the dream-girl at last, and she must remain for ever a dream.

In the days that followed, their friendship grew by leaps and bounds.

Fielding knew all that was in his heart. He, who had scoffed at love, who in his cynicism had not believed in the existence of such a thing, was struck down at last. He realised the danger of continual intercourse with Ruth Deane. Nevertheless he resolved to stay on and bask in the sunshine awhile, the sudden flashes of sun that shone through those overhanging clouds.

Staying as they were in the same hotel, they were continually in each other's company. Deane was of rather a lazy turn of mind, and, often as not, preferred smoking with other men in the hotel or playing billiards to his wife's more energetic pastimes.

As for Thompson, there was a lady in the case for him just then, a fresh-complexioned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl who was in Switzerland for the first time with her sister. Thus it fell to Fielding's lot to be Mrs. Deane's cavalier. They skated together, went ski-ing together, danced together, and discovered a great sympathy of spirit.

Deane, in his self-satisfied complacency, did not mind; he was so sure in his possession of Ruth, and, then, Fielding was a chum of Thompson's.

It was outsiders who saw most of the game, watched it and wondered what the *dénouement* would be, wondered if it would add to Switzerland's store of tragedies or disappear in the air like smoke.

A fortnight had passed, a fortnight crammed to the full with bitter-sweet for two people at least in the hotel.

Deane and Thompson were playing billiards. Where Ruth was Fielding did not wish to know just then. He wanted to keep out of her way, to be alone awhile and think things over, so he decided to go for a lonely walk through the fir-woods.

There, surrounded by the great stillness, he realised that the present life could not, must not, go on. If he continued to see so much of Mrs. Deane and the inevitable ending came—what then?

Poor little thing, she loved him, of that he was sure, for more than once he had surprised it in her deep, brown eyes. He was a fool to have stayed so long—he told himself angrily—a fool not to have gone at once, after their meeting, just a fortnight ago.

He was walking along, deep in thought, his face set in hard, grim lines.

The beauty of his surroundings were lost on him; he heeded them no more than he heeded the sound of approaching footsteps. His misery was paramount, swamping all else, the choking misery and the awful battle that was raging in his soul.

"So you like to be away from the crowd, sometimes?"

Fielding started. What evil spirit had sent the girl he was flying from along this path to-day?

"I was not in the mood for people," the soft voice continued. "I just longed to be alone—alone with the silence of the mountains and only the wind sighing in the firs. Here, away from everybody, one sees right into the heart of things. God feels very present here."

Fielding looked at her, agony in his eyes. When he spoke his voice was infinitely sad.

"So you feel that too, little friend?"

"How is it your moods and mine always fit in so well?" There was self-abandonment in the sudden question.

"Twin souls, I suppose." Fielding bit his lip, but the words had escaped beyond recall.

"Twin souls," Ruth repeated slowly, rather dreamily. "What a nice idea! Yes, I think we are that, you and I."

The resolution that Fielding was trying so hard to make trembled for a few, soul-racking moments in the balance.

After all, why should they not take the good that life held out to them? They were, indeed, twin souls, souls that had been made for one another. Why should all her young life be wasted with Deane, who had nothing in common with her, when the Love that meant

(Continued on page 40)

BUCHANAN'S
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"Mr. Fagin took the opportunity of reading Oliver a long lecture on the crying sin of ingratitude: of which he clearly demonstrated he had been guilty."

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union of soul as well as body awaited her.

Then slowly but surely the balance went down in the opposite direction.

No, he must never make her leave the highway, even although the side-track did hold out such allurements. The shame of it all must never be for her.

If he went away now she would still feel a gap for a time, but later she would get back into the old groove, the narrow groove in which the majority of people pass their days, in an indifference which if it cannot be called happiness can certainly lay no claim to sorrow.

They walked on together through the woods, silent most of the time, for the things that did not matter seemed out of place in those grand surroundings, and the things that did must be silent, silent as the mountains where one felt amid the heart of everything.

Some time later Fielding went up to the Deanes in the lounge.

"Rotten luck! I've got to leave this to-morrow," he said casually; "I've only just heard. We must have a little supper together to-night. I'll go and find Thompson and the Mardens, then we'll be a good number."

. . . .

The little supper-party that evening was a very merry one. Champagne flowed freely, and the menu was a dream for the epicure. Deane, Thompson, and the two Marden girls were in hilarious spirits, Mrs. Deane talked vivaciously, and Fielding's hearty laugh rang out from time to time. Nevertheless, a closer observer might have noticed the unnatural glitter of Mrs. Deane's eyes and the nervous movements of Fielding's hands.

Mrs. Deane picked up the menu and studied it carefully. It was one of those trivial actions that seem such pillars of support in moments of great stress.

All at once her hand trembled, and her eyes when she looked up at Fielding were dimmed with tears—for she had read and understood his message written above it:—

"Laughter is not at all a bad beginning for a friendship, and it is far the best ending for one."—Oscar Wilde.

E. MURROUGH

MATTERS MUSICAL

MUSIC AND ADVERTISEMENT

A Conference

LAST week the Incorporated Society of Musicians held their conference in London. That does not sound very thrilling. Indeed, this admirable society, which may probably claim to be the most representative musical organisation we possess, indulges itself in a similar fashion every year, but usually at some large provincial town. However, when it does descend upon London, or, to be more precise, the Hotel Cecil, which seems to be quite filled with benevolent elderly gentlemen with musical degrees, I think London might be just a little more interested—especially as the Society gave two most interesting concerts of chamber and orchestral music.

Bad Copy

Not a bit of it, however. At least it would be more accurate to say that London gives no outward and visible sign of interest. True, many thousands of musical people are interested, but of them the London Press, which is the official voice of London, takes but little account. The fact is that a legend has grown up in Fleet Street that music is bad copy, unless the music under consideration happens to be of a particularly sensational kind. Were the Incorporated Society of Musicians the Incorporated Society of Actors or of Music-Hall Artists, every paper would have been full of their doings both before and after the event. For, just as music is bad copy so the stage is good copy—Heaven alone knows why.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS STEPHANIE BELL

Who is playing, with much charm, the leading part in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," at the New Theatre

The Difference

It may be, and probably is true, that the actual inhabitants of London are more interested in the theatre than in music. In any case, as music has not yet been cursed with the picture-postcard cult, the musician cannot pretend to the same glory as the actor. But outside London it is different. On the whole, the better-class of intelligence which lives in the country is more interested in music. A subject of musical importance is, moreover, less ephemeral than a subject of theatrical importance. For instance, *Joseph and His Brethren* may run for months, but Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* has already run for eleven years, and shows no sign of coming to an end.

The Journalistic Cinderella

However, editors will not or cannot understand this. Living in an artificial London of their own they mistake for topics of general and fervent interest the little excitements which we invent to stimulate our jaded appetites. Moreover, music is unpopular with the advertising manager. "There's no money in it, my boy." And very likely he is right. We musicians are poor folk. We do little to fill anybody's purse, least of all our own. Consequently our interest in life, music, does not get the attention bestowed readily enough on the pursuits of wealthier men. Music, in fact, is the Cinderella of journalism. Pity a poor musical critic!

FRANCIS TOYE

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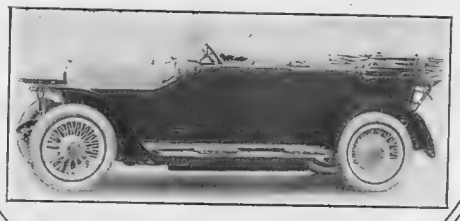

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Borrow—According to Mr. Clement Shorter

"And Circle"

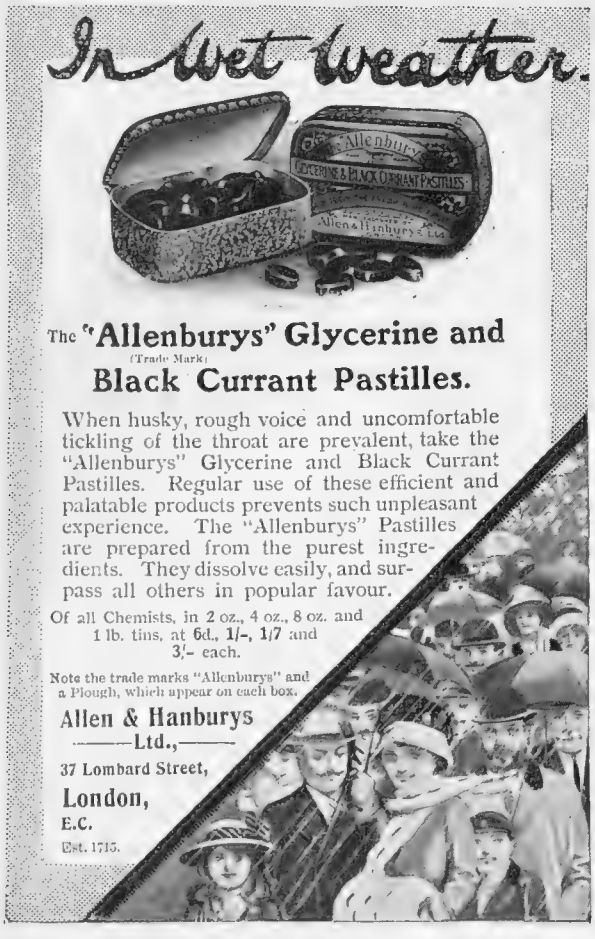
If you are a Borrovian, you will already have read Mr. Clement Shorter's *George Borrow and his Circle* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), but if you are not, the book may be warmly recommended, not only for its own entertainment, but also as an incentive to your reading Borrow's own masterpieces. The essentials of biography are, very fortunately, not fixed. Mr. Shorter practically invented the "and Circle" years ago when he wrote his first Brontë book. The "and Circle" may annoy very academically minded people, but to the majority of readers its appearance has been welcome.

Mr. Shorter's Book

Two more different books than Mr. Jenkins's biography and Mr. Shorter's "and Circle" can hardly be imagined; but Mr. Shorter disclaims any idea of writing for Borrovians. He is in an enticing mood. Every one of his pages seems to be insinuating gently that you should go straight to your bookshelves and take up *Lavengro* or *The Bible in Spain*. On the other hand, *George Borrow and his Circle* is very necessary to the Borrovian. Into Mr. Shorter's hands has come a multitude of unpublished matter—letters to and from Borrow and his wife, manuscript notebooks of his various travels, odd scraps of translations, almost everything, in fact, which has eluded other biographers. Mr. Shorter's chief worry must have been to decide what to omit.

Borrow the Disappointed

To the general reader George Borrow used to be rather a mysterious personage. You would hear him described as half a gypsy. He sold Bibles in Russia and Spain, but surely, thought some good folk, he was the last kind of man to whom any such work should have been entrusted. In the general view he was ill-mannered and only half-civilised. Seen through Mr. Shorter's fair spectacles, however, the author of *Lavengro* emerges from any mystery, and takes his place among the great writers who have not been fortunate enough to witness their own triumph. In his lifetime few admired Borrow's work. The reviewers were more than unkind, and we had not in those days invented the popular vagabondage of to-day. To consort with gypsies was to be before your time. No wonder that Borrow seemed occasionally to be an embittered man. Yet any idea that he was not a man capable of great affection, or a domestic man, will be speedily dispelled by the most cursory reading of Mr. Shorter's book. Here, in any case, is a human book about an extraordinary man, and even those few people who may quarrel with Mr. Shorter's method must enjoy the result of his labours. The world will look forward to his promised edition of Borrow's Collected Works. RALPH STRAUS



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SPORTS and PASTIMES

FOURTEEN OF THE HARLEQUIN RUGBY FOOTBALL FIFTEEN

Which beat the Navy at Queen's Club on Wednesday last by a goal and two tries (11 points) to a goal (5 points). The Harlequin tries were scored by R. W. Poulton, fifth on the left, and D. Lambert (2), who is standing next (to the left of the picture) to the Captain, A. D. Stoop, who has the ball

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Services on Trial

Although of comparatively recent institution, the annual encounter between the officers of the Navy and of the Army is quite one of *the* events of the Rugby season, and each year is marked by a steady growth in the keenness of all those who are concerned in it, whether directly or indirectly. Evidence of this is to be found in the various trial games played by both Services in preparation for the great event itself, and although the match is still about two months off—it takes place on Saturday, March 7—several of these trials have already been held, and each side has had at least one thoroughly testing game, the Army with the London-Scottish on December 20 and the Navy with the Harlequins on the last day of the old year.

Tentative Comparisons

I saw both these games, and saw enough to convince me that there will be little or no falling off in the high standard of play which has always been associated with the Army *v.* Navy match if the sides train on properly between now and March 7. The Army *v.* London-Scottish match was a curious one, for the Army, after holding their own for an hour, suddenly developed a weakness in defence, and were somewhat heavily beaten. Of the five tries scored by the Scottish in the last half-hour three were of the "cut-through" type, which might have been prevented by ordinary watchfulness. The Army backs were, in fact, too clever; they made certain that the attack would be delivered on the wings, and left their centre unguarded. Still, defects of this kind are easily remediable, and I daresay if the occasion had been a more momentous one such risks would not have been taken.

The Navy's Good Points

A good many people expected that the ground at Queen's, owing to the frost, would be too hard for play last Wednesday, but it just wasn't, and the Harlequins and the Navy had a capital game. Neither team was at full strength, but the Harlequins had A. D. Stoop, Poulton, and Lambert playing for them, and the skill of these three just sufficed to turn the scale in their favour in a match in which scoring was never easy for either side. The Navy forwards were splendid and their quickness in breaking up prevented the Harlequins from doing much effective back play, and had them continually on the defensive; the Navy backs on the other hand, were not of much use as an attacking force and failed to turn several very promising openings to account,

Photographs] THE ROYAL NAVY FIFTEEN *[Sport and General*

The Navy were captained by Lieut. H. C. Harrison, R.M.A., fifth on the right. The forwards were extremely good, and the Navy's only try was the result of a forward movement, in which good hand-to-hand passing was seen. But the Harlequins were stronger behind the scrummage, and the superior skill of Stoop, Poulton, and Lambert, turned the scale in their favour

though, having regard to the men they had to circumvent, these openings were not nearly as promising as they looked. But in defence the Navy were all right. Lambert, who scored two of the Harlequins' tries, looked as if he ought to have been stopped once, but his other, and Poulton's in the first half, were the result of that sort of play which no defence can frustrate. The fact that the Navy only had their line crossed three times seems to indicate that at the present time they are a sounder team all round than the Army. H. S. S.

GOLF

The Caddies' Aid Committee

It is usual at the commencement of a year to add to the paving-stones leading to a certain place by making good resolutions. Let me bring before my readers an object for a good resolution which I trust will not become petrified. The resolution is to send a subscription, however small, to Mr. Cecil Hartley, the Hon. Secretary of the Caddies' Aid Committee, at 24, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. If they will transform their resolution into hard cash they will enable this admirable body to continue during the current year the splendid work they have already done, a report of which was issued by them recently showing the results of the year ending November 30th, 1913. The Committee, which is formed of members of the Caddies' Aid Association and the Caddies' Committee of the Agenda Club, is in a fair way to send the leaven of its excellent ideas through the golf clubs of the kingdom. Those who take an interest in the caddie and his future should apply to Mr. Hartley for information on the subject, and they will be surprised and delighted at the amount of schemes which are already in being, and which bid fair to remove from the shield of golf the only blot upon it. I am particularly interested in the suggestion for enrolling caddies in Scout-troops, having their headquarters at a golf club. Scout training is one of the finest things in the world for boys, and I trust that this idea will be carried into effect by energetic and interested individuals at various clubs.

Success at Golf

Having done my best to extract some shekels from my readers I will now attempt to add some jam to the powder. Hope springs eternal in the golfer's breast, and however fine his play he hopes to make it still finer. Here is a little book, which, by its very title, boldly promises to lead the ambitious golfer to the haven of his desires. It is a small book costing but a shilling, and slim enough to be slipped into the jacket pocket. But in its hundred odd pages it contains the combined wisdom and experience of Harry Vardon, Herd, Duncan, Reid, White, Tom Ball, and Ayton. Each of these great men takes a special department of the game and summarises his knowledge of it, and his advice about it. Thus Vardon strikes off at the first tee with a dissertation on the art of driving. Herd follows on with advice on spoon and iron shots. Duncan next gives his views on the famous "push" shot, that mysterious "coup" which raised such a pother and such heated discussion in the early months of last year. Wilfred Reid tells us all about the mashie, that seemingly easy but terribly treacherous club. Jack White descants on short approaches and gives us the secret known to the old Musselburgh players of arching the left wrist in executing running-up shots. The description of this trick is not quite clear in the book. The left wrist should be arched towards the hole, that is to say, in the same direction as the intended line of the ball. Finally Tom Ball, that prince of putters, gives us his views on that subtle art which so few have mastered, and, wonderful to relate, allows us to let the body go slightly forward with the club as the ball is struck. Ayton adds a few pregnant words on the art of bunker play, a knowledge of which in these days of teeming and prolific bunkers is more necessary than ever. Each chapter has its essence briefly put on a separate page in the shape of "Hints in Brief." I can imagine an ardent soul cutting out these "Hints in Brief," and pasting them up, like the sailor, above his bed. The little book has an excellent introduction by Mr. Howard, and is published by *Fry's Magazine*. ERNEST LEHMANN

ENTER 1914!

An artist's impression showing the entry of Miss Clayton, attired as 1914 on the stroke of midnight on December 31 at the Savoy New Year's banquet, accompanied by her dancing partner, Marquis. Miss Clayton's appearance was preceded by a fanfare from the band of the Coldstream Guards

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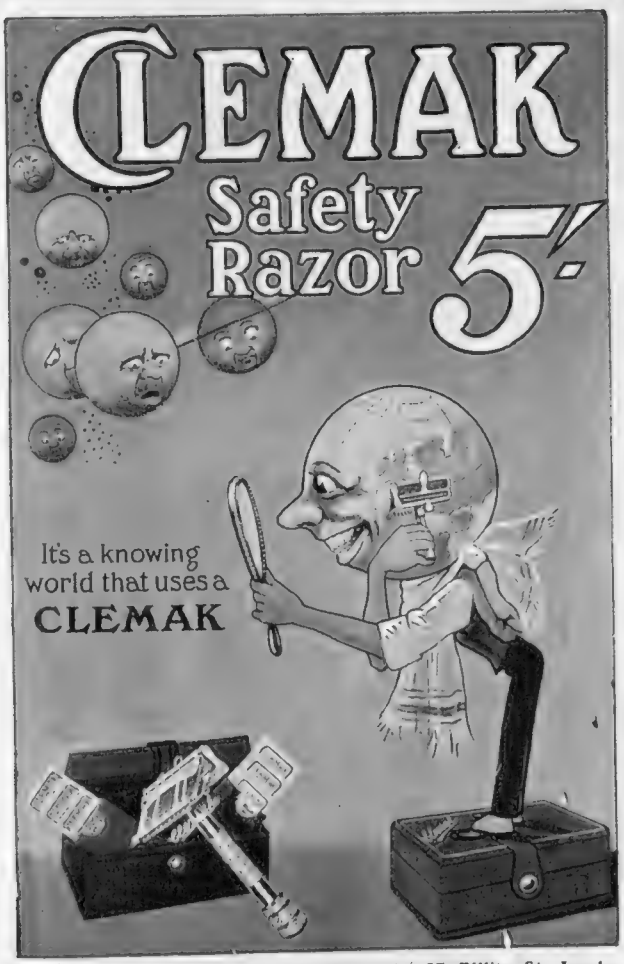

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RACING: Current Topics. By CARBINE

Beckhampton Changes

I suppose that few men are so generally popular in the racing world as Sam Darling, the highly successful Beckhampton trainer, who is now retiring from the profession. Kind-hearted, courteous, a royal servant to his patrons, and a splendid judge of horses and their capabilities. There you have a few of the good qualities of the man who trained Galtee More and Ard Patrick to win the Derby, Slieve Gallion to win the Guineas, and Wildfowler to win the St. Leger. He is a man with whom I have often been brought into contact in recent years, and I have the highest respect for him. He has been a great ornament to the training profession, and if his son Fred, who succeeds him in the control of the important Beckhampton establishment, follows in his father's steps he will never go far wrong. Fred Darling will be remembered as the trainer of Yentoi when that colt won the Cesarewitch for Lady de Bathe. He also met with great success as a trainer in Germany, so he is no novice at the game.

Kingsclere's Future

Racing people are wondering what is to become of the Kingsclere stable. The Duke of Portland and the Duke of Westminster—more particularly the former, I believe—are anxious to get out of their interest in that historic training establishment, which for some time past has been offered for sale without attracting a purchaser. The Duke of Portland has bred an astounding succession of bad horses in recent years, which has, apparently, caused him to think that a complete change of stables will bring a change of luck. The Duke of Westminster has never been much attached to racing, and would not grieve much, I suppose, if the famous "yellow and black" temporarily disappeared from our racecourses. One thing is quite certain, namely, that William Waugh is one of the best men in his profession, and if he leaves Kingsclere in the near future he is sure to make his mark again at Newmarket or elsewhere.

The Coming Grand National

Entries will be published this week for the spring handicaps, and we are sure to find Sir Charles Assheton-Smith's name prominent in the Grand National list. He has already thrice won the premier steeplechase—with Cloister, Jerry M., and Covertcoat. But these successes have only served to make him keener than ever of carrying off Aintree's highest honours, and no really promising young 'chaser ever comes into the market nowadays without exciting his attention. He recently bought a grand mare in Maid Marian, while he owns both Covertcoat and Irish Mail, who were first and second respectively in last year's Grand National. Covertcoat is an ideal horse for the Aintree course, and if he should be Sir C. Assheton-Smith's choice in the coming race he will have plenty of public support, no matter what the handicapper may put on his back.

Selections

With the complete disappearance of last week's frost everything seems promising for this week's racing. At Gatwick on Wednesday the Moderate Hurdle Race may be won by **Tommy Hop.** The Manor Steeplechase will probably go to **Minstrel Park,** and the Maiden Hurdle Race to **Warbine.** There will be no racing on Thursday, but at Haydock Park on the following day **Thaddeus** may take the Warrington Hurdle Race, **Mistigris** the Makerfield Steeplechase and **Nightcap** the Ashton Hurdle Race. On Saturday my selections are **Noah** for the January Steeplechase and **San Franciscan** for the Maiden Hurdle Race.

DANCING IN THE NEW YEAR AT THE CECIL

New Year's Eve at the Cecil was a never-to-be-forgotten round of merriment and gaiety. The Supper ended with a stirring Reveille on the stroke of twelve, tolled from a huge clock, heralding the dawn of the New Year, and all then joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." Later the guests made their way to the Grand Ball Room where over 1,200 of them danced the day in with the Tango and other dances of the moment. Handsome souvenirs of the occasion were presented to all the lady guests

APPALLING DISCOVERY WHICH AFFECTS YOUR HAIR.

NATIONAL DANGER OF BALDNESS.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S GENEROUS OFFER TO READERS.

THE DISCOVERY.

Mr. Edwards, the leading Court hair specialist and inventor of "Harlene Hair Drill," has made the appalling discovery that hundreds of thousands of ladies and gentlemen who are doubtless most particular over their appearance, are unconsciously actually cultivating baldness, and are to-day doing their utmost to ruin their hair.

The distressing picture on the left, with the enlarged photograph of a hair and its root in the scalp, shows only too plainly how this is.

There is an accumulation of scurf literally choking the hair-root and allowing it no nourishment. The hair is slowly but surely being murdered.

"But I carefully wash my head and remove that scurf," someone replies.

This is a grave error.

Mr. Edwards has proved that NO AMOUNT OF WASHING the scalp can remove anything but a small portion of this accumulation.

Think what this means.

It means that you, who are so particular of your personal cleanliness, are actually permitting an accumulation of scurf and filth to collect on your head, and thereby murder your hair. No wonder you are filled with disgust.

No hair can withstand the insidious attacks of this loathsome scurf

You may not have noticed it yet, but this is what will surely happen. Your hair will

Here you have in graphic form displayed the terrible nature of Mr. Edwards' discovery. The head on the left is the result of neglecting to drill your hair with Harlene. Note the enlarged photograph of a single hair, and you see how the root is choked with scurf. On the right you see a "Harlene Hair-Drilled" head with its rich growth of Hair. Note again the enlarged photograph shown alongside the picture—note the absence of scurf—the entire cleanliness, and the healthy state of the hair. Your head is one of these two. Send to-day for the Free Sample Outfit, and make it the "Harlene Hair Drill" head of rich flowing hair.

—Lose its elasticity.
—Become brittle.
—Split at the ends.
—Lose its gloss and lustre.
—Become faded and grey.
—Fall out in handfuls.

BALDNESS PARTIAL OR ENTIRE THREATENS YOU.

Is it not a truly terrible prospect?

But Mr. Edwards has not only made this appalling discovery; he has gone further, and furnished the remedy for this abominable condition.

He has invented a secret process which enables you to thoroughly cleanse the scalp, dissolve away ALL the scurf, and actually nourish the hair-roots, producing and retaining that rich flowing growth so much admired.

This secret method is the famous "Harlene Hair Drill," as used daily by all possessors of flowing hair, from Royalty downwards.

"Harlene Hair Drill" not only grows hair strong and vigorous, where previously was little or no growth, IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO RETAIN YOUR HAIR'S HEALTH.

Unless you wish to ruin your hair—and, of course, you do not wish to do so now you have seen the terrible effects of neglect—you must start your "Harlene Hair Drill" to-day.

"Harlene Hair Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders just by two minutes' practice every day:—

—Total Baldness (even of years standing).
—Partial or Patchy Baldness.
—Thinning of Hair over the Temples.
—Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, Brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair.
—Irritation of the Scalp.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S GENEROUS OFFER.

Realising how distressed the readers will be at his appalling discovery, Mr. Edwards has decided to continue for a short time longer the distribution of his valuable Free "Harlene Drill" Outfits.

It is his aim to save all from surely approaching baldness.

FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon. Fill it up and send it (with 3*d.* in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will receive:—

1. A Trial Bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic dressing, HARLENE FOR THE HAIR.
2. A packet of CREMEX FOR THE SCALP, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair Drill" treatment.
3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "HAIR DRILL" RULES, which shows you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy and lustrous abundance.

All Chemists and Stores sell Harlene-for-the-Hair in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; Cremex in 1*s.* boxes of seven shampoos; single shampoos, 2*d.*; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C. Foreign orders freight extra. All cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO A COMPLETE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

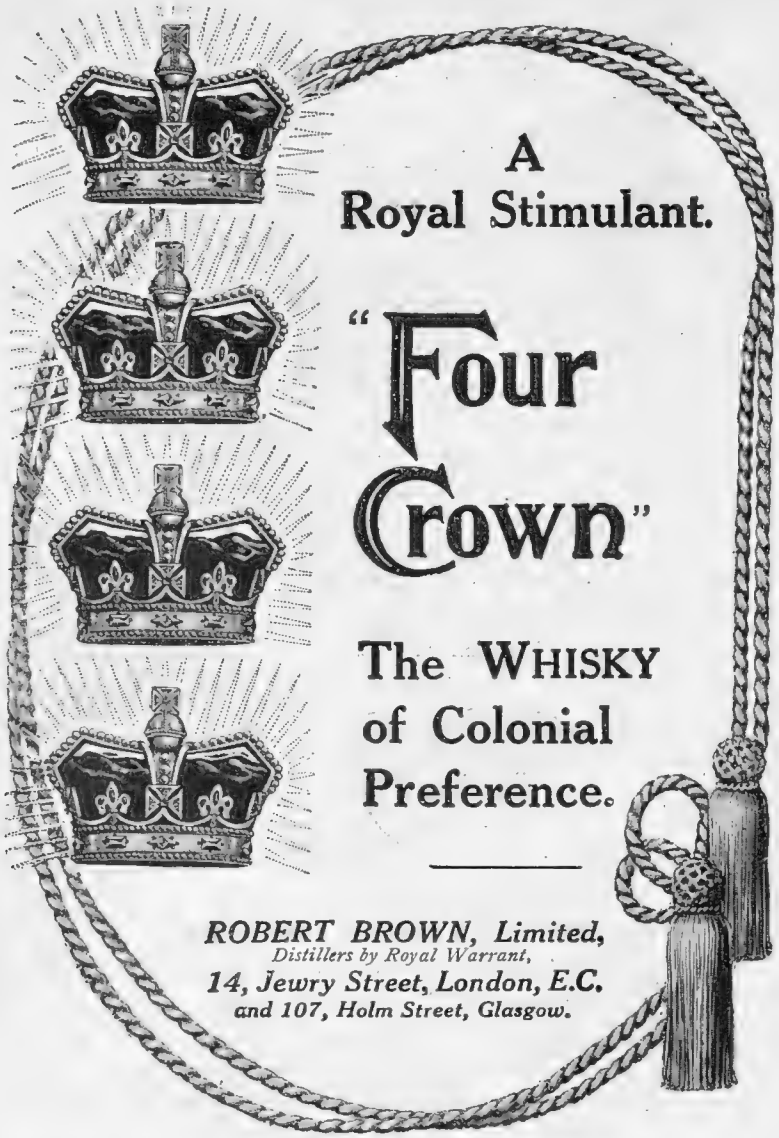
Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a presentation toilet outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. *Foreign stamps accepted.*

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Bystander, January 7, 1914.



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Distillers by Royal Warrant,
14, Jewry Street, London, E.C.
and 107, Holm Street, Glasgow.

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at the
VICKERS FLYING SCHOOL
Brooklands
Full information from
VICKERS LIMITED
Aviation Department
Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

SUMMER IN WINTER

SAIL FROM LIVERPOOL by the "IVERNIA" MARCH 7, to LISBON, GIBRALTAR, BISERTA (for Tunis), SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, JAFFA (for the Holy Land) ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS VENICE, TRIESTE, FIUME, MESSINA, PALERMO, NAPLES, returning by the "CARONIA" from NAPLES APRIL 11.

CUNARD CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

Apply to the Cunard S.S. Co., Ltd., Liverpool; London, 51, Bishopsgate, E.C., 29-32, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Italy

The Suspender most "loved of all ladies" of all nations is undoubtedly the

Sphere Suspender

The latest and best type is
"*Hurculastic*"
which outwears the corset

Prices Is. to 3s., postage Id. extra.

If your Draper does not Stock write to the
SPHERE SUSPENDER CO., LEICESTER

Ask for Booklet "The Evolution of the Suspender," post free.

ANZORA CREAM
Masters the Hair
All Chemists and Stores Stock it

BROWN'S Bronchial TROCHES
For Coughs
Prompt, safe, convenient, the best remedy. No opiates.
1/1½ per Box.
OF ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS.

VERNET-LES-BAINS

The "Paradise of the Pyrenees." Altitude, 2,035 ft.
NOT WINDY. NOT DAMP. SUNNY.
Natural Hot Sulphur Springs.
Up-to-date Bath Establishments.

The French Winter, Spring, and Summer Spa for Rheumatism, Gout, Arthritis, Sciatica, Complexion, Bronchitis, Nervous and General Weakness, Convalescence, etc.

First-class Hotels, with every modern comfort, communicating directly with the Baths. Newly Furnished Villas, with central heating. Moderate Terms. Private Grounds, Charming Excursions, Tennis, Croquet, etc. Casino, Good Club with English Billiards, Ladies' Bridge Rooms, Theatre, Orchestra, etc. Through bookings from London. Through carriage from Paris.

Illustrated Brochure (English) from

E. & G. KIECHLE BROS.,
VERNET-LES-BAINS, (Pyr. Or.) FRANCE.

WINTER IN CANNES
GALLIA PALACE.

Unrivalled Situation.
Orchestra. Golf.
150 Private Baths.

PERFECTLY-APPOINTED GARAGE FOR 40 CARS WITH TURNING TABLE.

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A SORT OF MOTOR-SKI

Outside Berlin where winter conditions have arrived to stimulate outdoor sport. The illustration shows a motor cyclist giving a friendly lead to a boy on skis

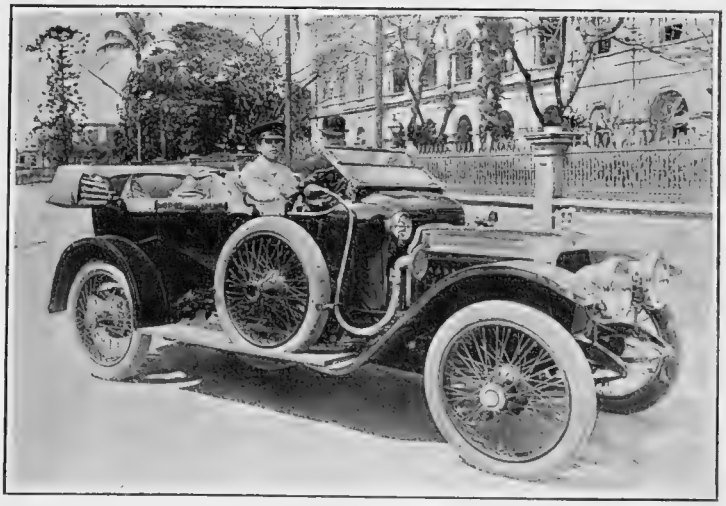
In Confusion of Jeremiahs

To sum up the year. First, it has been a record in the matter of demand; but records of that sort have been fairly prolific. Shortly, however, despite all the (real and simulated) wailings and woe of motorists who, and motor journals that, under the infliction of taxes and duties, looked down the years and only just failed to see the last motor vehicle disappearing into the junk yard, driven off the road by the weight of variously adjectived imposts—despite all this, we have realised every anticipation of the most rapacious, or the most statemanlike, Chancellor (the choice of epithets is a matter of political label with which I have nothing to do, thank heaven); we have a motor industry flourishing like the green bay tree (however *that* flourishes); and a road more thickly populated by automobiles than ever before—probably far in excess of the most optimistic prophecies of a year ago. Which you must agree is a brutally long-drawn, but, I hope, perfectly Gladstonian, sentence!

The Swelling Horse-Power

Speed has greatly increased per cubic centimetre of piston swept cylinder area. We never obtained so much from a single horse-power before. Clearly our horses are growing to the proportions and strength of mammoths—or the formulæ of our calculations is in need of revision. That, however, is a controversial question of acute proportion, and I let it pass by on the other side for the purposes of this article. The power which expresses itself in speed has its first cause in that mechanical refinement of engine and transmission mechanism which has been so marked a feature of the story of 1913; and that, again, indicates health in the shops and laboratories. In other words, our engineers are not in a state of mental bankruptcy, but, virile as ever (under the proper stimulus of competition for the market), are giving us in increased efficiency and the motoring economy through which efficiency is translated, the work of their heads and hands. Just as we get more per unit of power than ever before, so we get more per sovereign of expenditure than ever before. For which relief there should be grateful hearts, although they may want a deal of finding.

DELAHAYE—"The Car of Economical Upkeep." 12-16 h.p. Limousines and Landaulettes from £450 complete. Entire maintenance, including chauffeur, insurance, etc., undertaken for £175 per annum.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 9, Grafton St., Bond St., W.



AN EXPONENT OF ECONOMY

The winner of the Queensland Automobile Club's first petrol consumption test, a 20 h.p. Vauxhall owned and driven by Mr. Percy B. Hurst. The Vauxhall has scored heavily this season as a car of economy and has won many competitions both at home and in the Colonies, the results working out at from 22·22 miles per gallon to 38·48 m.p.g., according to the conditions

The Sweetness of Lightness

The development of the light car and the demand which has inspired the development, bulk largely in the year's retrospect. I retract nothing of my view of the cycle-car, and refuse most stubbornly to dissociate a light car, that *is* a car, from the category of the common or highway automobile. I should like to oblige the governing authority of all British motordom and see radical differences between these light cars and the motor major; but as they do not exist my difficulty up to now has been insurmountable. These light cars, marvels of power and economical service, four-cylindered in their best expressions and insufficient, from my point of view, with anything less—cars in miniature, in fact, and hardly less than their big brothers in results—herald the dawn of that appreciation of the values of lightness without sacrifice of essential stability, which has been so long a-coming (to the great benefit and satisfaction of at least one American invader), and which, now it is taking possession of our engineers, may well make itself apparent in the larger vehicles. For surely half a ton dead weight saved without sacrifice represents sovereigns in the purse of the motorist. And many of them. Wherefore there is sweetness in this lightness.

A SPORTING LOAD

The Oxford cross-country team accept a lift in Chas. Jarrott's 14 h.p. Foy-Steele car

Highly Tabloid

Running everything else into hydraulically pressed summary, we have to note (*a*) the built-in accessory, which will presently be as common to a car as a steering-wheel and make homogeneous that which at present is adventitious. We shall build in our lamps; the dynamo and other electric plant will find a place prepared for them in frame; and so on. And why not? (*b*) we have to note the remarkable rise of this same electrical plant and its adaptation to the purposes of engine-starting and car-lighting; (*c*) the drive-away car, or, in other words, the car so complete that for an inclusive figure you have a vehicle which, without further ado, the buyer can drive right away and find everything he needs aboard; (*d*) the growing indispensability of the detachable-wheel and rim as distinguished from the old-time Stepney; (*e*) tyre improvement, not omitting special note of the fact that if it were not for *d* and *e*, speeds would be far from what they are, *e* being a particularly notable factor in the general development. Much more remains, but space does not. So here's to what I hope will be the greatest of motoring years—and my finish.

The KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the KLAXON-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15*s.* 0*d.*, or complete with dry battery, £4 4*s.* 0*d.*

ZIP.—A perfect puncture healer, guaranteed to cure punctures. Your money returned if Zip does not fulfil the functions of an ideal puncture stop.—Write or call on H. M. HOBSON. Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

ARGYLLS IN ARGENTINE

An effective "streamline" conception in Argyll coachwork at the entrance to the Recoleta, one of the beautiful parks of Buenos Ayres

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 527.—Vol. XLI. Wednesday, January 7, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: **HAMPTON & SONS** 37 GERRARD.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT.

OVERLOOKING WINDSOR PARK.

RENT, £250 PER ANNUM. PRICE, LEASEHOLD, £3,000.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE, occupying a retired position. Oak lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and excellent offices, including butler's pantry and bedroom, and servants' hall.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS. COMPANY'S WATER.

Stabling for 10, harness room, coach or motor-house with men's rooms and loft over.

MOST ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS

of 4¾ acres, including fine large lawns, ornamental fountain, small orchard and paddock.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

MUST BE DISPOSED OF WITHOUT DELAY.

CHANNEL ISLANDS, ST. PETER PORT, GUERNSEY.

A NOBLE CASTELLATED MANSION.

200FT. UP.

DRY SOIL.

EXQUISITE MARINE AND LAND VIEWS.

MILD AND EQUABLE CLIMATE.

IMPORTANT FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

Mansion contains 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, 2 staircases, spacious halls, 4 reception rooms, ample offices.

THE GREAT MUSIC OR BALLROOM. STABLING FOR 3. COTTAGE FOR GARDENER. 600FT. OF VINERIES PRODUCING FIVE TONS OF GRAPES PER ANNUM.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF ABOUT THREE-AND-A-HALF ACRES.

THIS CAN BE TERMED THE FINEST HOUSE IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE. IN SPLENDID REPAIR THROUGHOUT.

Full details of the Agents, Messrs JOHN D. WOOD and Co., 6, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.; or HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

CLOSE TO QUAINT OLD VILLAGE.

PRICE £4,000. RENT £200.

SURREY.

Amidst delightful country.

BETWEEN WOKING AND CHERTSEY.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, this delightful little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, built in the bungalow style and surrounded by

WELL-WOODED GROUNDS OF 4½ ACRES.

Long carriage drive with lodge. Charming lounge hall, drawing room opening on to tiled loggia, dining room.

SPLENDID BILLIARD ROOM.

11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and complete offices. Capital stabling, 2 coach-houses, motor-houses.

RADIATORS. GAS.

—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street. S.W.

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

BETWEEN CHICHESTER AND MIDHURST.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

WEST SUSSEX.—This picturesque RESIDENCE, situated in the midst of beautiful country. It contains: entrance hall, study or smoking room, dining room with alcove, drawing room, library and morning room, domestic offices; on the first floor, 6 principal bedrooms; in the servants' wing are 6 servants' bedrooms; on the second floor 5 attic bedrooms; new baths will be installed and other improvements made; stabling for 6, 2 coach-houses or garages, groom's rooms; farm buildings, 4 cottages; very extensive pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, shrubberies and meadowland, in all about 34 acres.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,200)

ABOUT 10 MILES NORTH-WEST OF LONDON.
QUITE CLOSE TO GOOD GOLF COURSE.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built and conveniently planned RESIDENCE, standing in very pretty gardens. Accommodation: hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; Company's gas and water; main drainage; telephone; stabling and garage. The gardens include both tennis and croquet lawns, good kitchen garden, in all about 1¾ acres; more land can be arranged for if required.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (7,401)

ONE HOUR FROM LONDON.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

BUCKS (1 hour from London within 3 miles of railway station).—This extremely attractive and picturesque ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE, well sheltered, on gravel subsoil. It is approached by a short carriage drive, and contains: entrance hall (28ft. by 14ft.), large dining and drawing rooms, ante-room, study and billiard room, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 6, coachhouse, motor house, 2 cottages, laundry, etc.; acetylene gas and central heating. The grounds extend to about 5 acres and include flower garden, 2 tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, lawn sloping to the river, boathouse, 2 glasshouses. Good golf links within 3 miles. Hunting.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20 Hanover Square, W. (6,992)

TO BE SOLD, OR LET UNFURNISHED.

KENT.—This picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situated in a favourite part of the county, noted for its scenery, and commanding lovely views. It contains: lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, morning room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, usual offices; stabling for 3 and garage. The pleasure gardens and grounds, which are well timbered, extend to about 12½ acres. They are thoroughly matured and beautifully laid out, and include fruit and flower gardens, clumps of rhododendrons, vegetable garden, paddocks, etc.—For further particulars apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, Londop, W. (5,646)

SUSSEX COAST.
On the outskirts of the favourite resort of Bexhill-on-Sea.
TO BE SOLD.

THIS SUBSTANTIAL NEWLY-BUILT RESIDENCE, situated a few minutes walk from the sea. It contains: lounge hall, staircase hall, dining room, drawing room, study, servant's hall, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, boxroom, etc.; there is a space provided for a motor garage; the gardens extend to about ½ an acre and will be laid out with entrance drive and terraces, tennis lawn, etc.; excellent golf links at Bexhill and Cooden.—For price and further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,349)

WEST RIDING OF YORKS. TO BE SOLD.

THIS VERY PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 5 acres. It is situated about 5 miles from Ripon, and occupies a healthy and bracing position about 500ft. above sea level, with fine views. It contains: entrance hall, morning room with stone mullioned bay windows, panelled throughout with old oak, drawing room, dining room, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; modern drainage; gravel soil; good water supply; detached stabling, loose box, and 2 stalls; gardener's cottage; 7 other cottages; delightful pleasure grounds, with kitchen garden, orchard, rockeries, greenhouses, and paddock, the total area being about 7½ acres. The furniture could be purchased if desired.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,351)

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of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished.

Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES. WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.

WILSON AND GRAY,
OF LONDON AND YEOVIL,

are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

KENT.—In a beautiful spot 3 miles from the coast, 400ft. above sea level, with South aspect.

BEAUTIFUL OLD BLACK-AND-WHITE HOUSE of the ELIZABETHAN PERIOD,

approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance: entrance and inner halls, 3 reception rooms, complete offices, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

SUPERB OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

Electric light, main water, modern sanitation; stabling, farmery, garage.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS AND SMALL PARK OF 30 ACRES.

Low price for early sale.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE OF ITS SIZE IN SURREY IN THE MARKET,

SITUATE IN THE LOVELIEST PART OF THE COUNTY.

FOR SALE.

A PERFECT FREEHOLD PROPERTY

£5,750. £5,750.

of about 29 acres, practically surrounded by a famous Common, and comprising a really charming House approached by a long carriage drive through pine woods, heather, and bracken land, and containing: 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, suite of halls and reception rooms, good offices, etc.; stabling, garage, glasshouses, gardener's cottage.

IDEAL AND BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

intersected by streams, and laid out and maintained in a most perfect manner. Sand soil.—Inspected and highly recommended. Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, Wilson and Gray, 14, Mount St., London, W.

SURREY.—3 miles from a main line station. Absolutely rural position.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET, FURNISHED.

AN HISTORIC TUDOR HOUSE.

With 16 acres of beautiful old-world grounds. 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms.

SEVERAL ROOMS FINELY PANELLED.

Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

ADJOINING WELL-KNOWN GOLF LINKS.

BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED HOUSE WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT, HOT-WATER RADIATORS, ETC.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.—Charming HOUSE and grounds, situate in Berkshire, on sandy soil and *standing on the verge of extensive pine woods*, and adjoining first-class 18-hole golf course. The House *commands lovely views*, and contains: 13 bed and dressing rooms (*several fitted with lavatory basins having h. and c. supplies*), 2 bathrooms, 2 fine halls, 4 reception rooms, and capital offices; stabling and garage; attractive grounds with tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden, etc.—Inspected and highly recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., London, W.

SOMERSET.—Between Taunton and Minehead. AMIDST BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON SAND SOIL. WITH SUPERB VIEWS OF THE QUANTOCK HILLS.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED,

A BEAUTIFUL OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE,

in perfect order, replete with all modern improvements, and lighted by electricity. The House stands ¼ mile back from the road (2 carriage drives with lodges) in finely timbered park, and immediately surrounded by delightful gardens of singular charm: *14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, fine hall, 3 reception rooms, complete domestic offices; stabling for 6, garage; farmery, 3 cottages.* 2,000 ACRES SHOOTING. Polo, golf, hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and 2 packs of foxhounds.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN SURREY.

Adjoining a lovely common with golf links; about 4 miles from Guildford; under an hour from London.

FOR SALE, A

PERFECT OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE,

with enriched plaster-work ceilings and other charming features, situate in *a choice position 400ft. above sea level, on a Southern slope and sand soil*; 9 bed and dressing rooms, boudoir, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, galleried hall, complete domestic offices.

THE IDEAL AND BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

of nearly 5 acres are superbly timbered; there are tennis and croquet lawns, sunk rose garden, herbaceous borders, paved terrace, woodland walks, kitchen garden, etc.; garage, stabling; main water; heating by radiators; telephone.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W. Inspected and highly recommended.

DELIGHTFUL QUEEN ANNE HOUSE AND UNIQUE GROUNDS.

FREEHOLD, £3,500.

NEAR NEWBURY.—The HOUSE contains: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottage; the magnificent old-world gardens include great yew hedges, tennis and other lawns, beautiful and extensive herbaceous walks, vegetable and fruit gardens, glasshouses, etc., in all about 4 acres.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

DORSET.—In a delightful part midway between Wimborne and Dorchester. Within easy reach of the coast and first-class golf-links.

FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE.

A GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE

with all its characteristic features preserved yet in perfect order and with all modern requirements such as electric light, central heating and modern sanitation. **Great hall superbly panelled in old oak.** 4 fine reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices; stabling, garage; 3 cottages.

OLD WORLD GARDENS OF SINGULAR CHARM.

Forecourt, terraces, formal garden, bowling alley, rose garden, lime walk, walled kitchen garden, orchard and well timbered park.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil. Inspected and recommended.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—In the centre of the Woodland Pytchley Hunt.

£4,900, FREEHOLD.—A charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY of nearly 20 acres, including

PICTURESQUE OLD STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE,

occupying a pleasant position, approached by a carriage drive between fine yew hedges: entrance and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, good offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Many of the rooms contain

BEAUTIFUL OLD OAK PANELLING.

Heating by radiators; modern drainage; Company's water; telephone; stabling for 10 (7 loose boxes), garage; 3 cottages; finely timbered old grounds and pasture.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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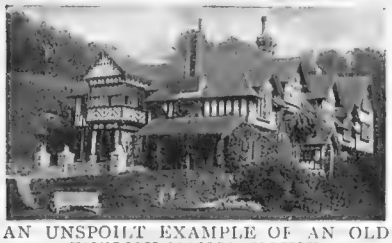

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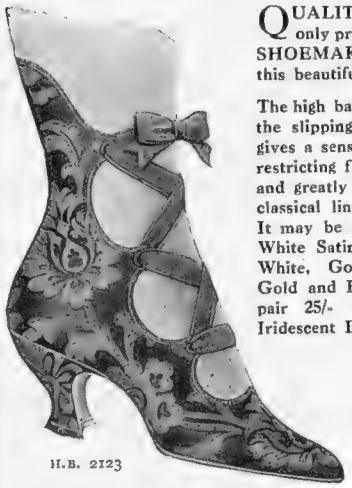

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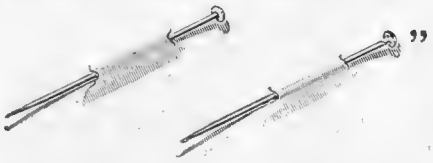

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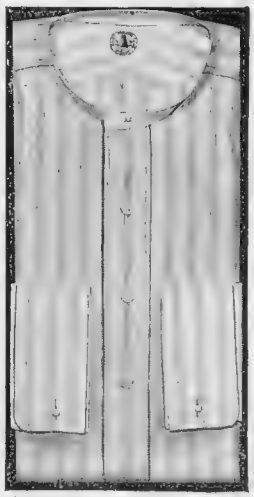

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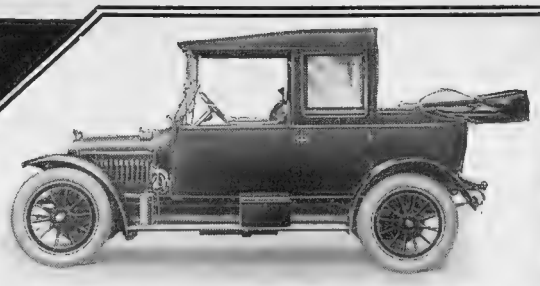

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BY DISSOLVING OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF "BYSTANDER" READERS, LADY EXPLAINS HOW SHE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED A NEW ABSORPTION PROCESS WHICH PERMANENTLY REMOVED HER HAIRY MASK AFTER ELECTRICITY, TWEEZERS, CAUSTIC PASTES, LOTIONS, POWDERS AND ALL OTHER DEPILATORIES AND ADVERTISED REMEDIES HAD ABSOLUTELY FAILED TO DO ANYTHING BUT HARM.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to get rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in by-gone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained and prepared by anyone which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is perhaps needless to caution any who may use this process, which has so deadly an effect upon the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means of restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

After bearing for ten years the affliction of a humiliating and repulsive hairy mask, with beard and moustache like a man's, Miss Firmin permanently removed it all in a single night by means of the marvellous new absorption process explained in this article.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, (Suite 1255. E.), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.

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Since its foundation in 1855, the "SATURDAY REVIEW" has been noted for the vigour of its comments on politics and affairs of the day, and for the brilliance and independence of its criticisms of Literature, Music, Art, the Drama and Finance. Signed articles of general interest by writers of the first rank also form a special feature of each issue.

EVERY SATURDAY, SIXPENCE.

10, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

The Evil Spirit of Fashion

BY A FRENCH CORRESPONDENT

[The Fashion Notes published below are written by a Parisian lady, whose English we leave more or less untouched, feeling sure that it expresses its meaning best as she has written it.—Ed.*]*

"She who hoists in the middle of a polychromic 'bibi' one of the lately fashionable palm-trees . . ."

The Evil Spirit of Fashion

IS there a place in the world where healthy-looking women may repair to seek for a propitious appraising? It is sure to be far from Paris and its Rue de la Paix elegant surroundings. For it actually appears that everyone, amidst the numerous smart young creatures to be met there, feels extremely weak and fragile. People walk in a sort of *débile* way, oscillating on very high heels, each short step being punctuated by a faint stumbling. The shoulders are convex, the necks bend, the chests sink, the waists extend forwards.

One could believe in a general decay of the Parisian feminine tribe. However, above the consumptive silhouettes, the faces do not look in the least depressed, the soft cheeks have got their bright colours, the eyes shine between languid or sly eyelids. If ever a chubby-cheeked girl forgets herself as far as to show a sportive, or even normal bearing, she soon alters it, and goes on, deformed, rather ridiculous, ruled by the powerful evil spirit of Fashion. For it must be known that a young person *à la mode* does not presently enter a tea-room, or any other fashionable place, without straightening her shoulders, rounding her back, stretching out her chin and underwaist, and pitching on her cothurnes with her best "tangoing" grace.

Undulations as Temper-Barometer

Who will deny the daily influence of *coiffure* on women's dispositions? Their tempers depend on the condition of their undulations. If the weather is dry, if their shopping did not make them too hot, if their foreheads have not been moistened by too impetuous a Tango, or too conscientious a Brazilian Maxixe, then you will find your pretty friends smiling and approving, ready to praise anybody, and to applaud everything. But if the hair-dresser rang up that he would not be able to come before the day after to-morrow, if the fog is so damp that even poodles are uncurled, it is better not to take your sweetheart to the theatre on that night. I am afraid she will be unable to think the show a good one, neither will she find her neighbours polite, nor the author witty, or the actresses well-dressed.

Coiffures

As to "up-to-date *coiffure*," it is a surprise: since some days one ear deliberately shows on each side of a very fashionable feminine head. So long had they been carefully hidden from sight that one no more realised their existence. But everything changes: the whole of the ear has now to appear, faintly pink-powdered, and for this purpose some hair is cut which is carefully stuck to the skin, as a sort of ringlet, between eye and ear, but never on the ear. What remains of the hair surrounds the face in front with a close halo, and is tight behind in a kind of high Prussian helmet, which judiciously extricates the nape.

"For it must be known that a young person 'à la mode' does not presently enter a tea-room without straightening her shoulders, rounding her back, stretching out her chin and underwaist, and pitching on her cothurnes with her best 'tangoing' grace"

Witty Women and Silly Hats

The importance of hats is great. Each of them is an indication about the brain beneath. Out of its first obligation to the shape and colours of hair and face, it always discloses—so little may be—each individuality. It never seems to be perched on the hair at the same angle, or is it the feather which is never planted identically? But it appears every season that the same selected model worn by hundreds of women varies on each of them.

Hats betray the wearers' secret intentions: her pride or modesty, her longing to attract attention, or her indifference, her tastes, her habits, her temper—and often the denial of her sense of humour. She who hoists in the middle of a polychromic *bibi* one of the lately fashionable palm-trees, won't be, I am afraid, the dear, peaceful, domestic, and motherly soul every poet dreams of. It is much more difficult to choose a hat than a dress—so that mistakes are quite easily made; but a witty woman will never wear a silly hat.

Divers Kinds

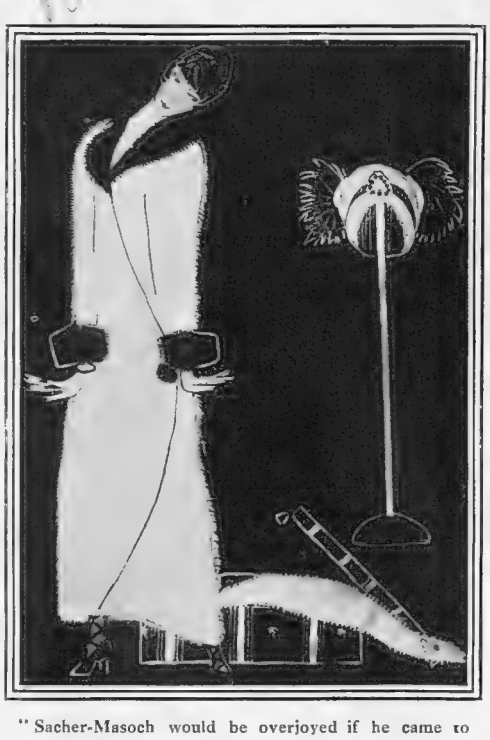
There is the Merry Widow's hat, faithfully black, with a huge showy white or silver detail which convinces the dignified crape of its futility. There are the waggish, smirky, coquette hats worn by some elderly gossips' heads—which make them sadly redoubtable. There is the much too expensive valuable hat, which has once been paid such a price for that it has had to last several seasons. She has given so much money for it that she cannot make up her mind to throw it away. She restores it every season, cocks and recocks it—it grows more and more hideous, but one can see it *was* valuable. Who knows how many taxis have been taken to spare him sudden showers?

The fashion consists in anything black, which uncovers one full side of the face, and binds the other side to pout, hidden by the brim which slopes down at an unexpected angle. Painful stiffnecks have been the result of this commonly adopted undressing of the left side of the head.

Embarras de Choix

Sacher-Masoch would be overjoyed if he came to life again this very winter. He would feel even perplexed to make a choice, at the sight of his dearest wish so universally granted—every woman who passes by is softly nestled in furs. Even those who cannot bear the suffocating sensation of a heavy fur cloak succeed in heaping fur-trimmings up every costume. I wonder if any animal has any coat left, from old bear round the Pole, until the bashful mole, whose delicate feelings of chasity must be painfully withered!

SIMONE A. PUGET



"Sacher-Masoch would be overjoyed if he came to life again this very winter . . ."

London Shopping

By MRS. JACK MAY

Spring Suits at Bargain Prices

THERE is an allure in this statement that can be practically realised by paying a visit to Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. These people are not alone in seeing the advisability of curtailing the length of their clearance sale. The one at this house, which commences on the 5th, is for twelve days only, and the time will be none too long to clear off the amazing surplus of models of every sort, kind, and description. This is a genuine stocktaking clearance with nothing added and nothing taken away, unless there can be described as added, some very attractive sports suits, which the authorities in charge of the costume department have designed and executed in guaranteed coatings, and which they are offering during the coming twelve days at very special prices. Personally, I am a good deal impressed by this piece of advance enterprise. It marks Debenham's sale event out as of individual importance. Moreover, during the period they are prepared to make to order at considerably lowered rates.

Unique Fur Opportunity

Perhaps, however, a special word is due to the furs at Debenham's, since these take a prominent position by reason of the atmospheric gods choosing to keep the weather abnormally mild up to the eve of Christmas. Consequently among the slightly too heavy stock left over are some fur-lined motor coats that the authorities have decided to get rid of at considerably less than cost price. These wraps throughout have been made in the firm's own workrooms, and a few actually commence as low as 49*s.* 6*d.* Particularly substantial reductions are likewise being placed on the favourite foal skin coats, to which Debenham have imparted the hall mark of elegance by selecting essentially exclusive styles, while those who have yet to start for a place called Switzerland, where they toboggan, ski, etc., will have the laugh over their friends when they arrive there arrayed in sports garments purchased at Wigmore Street at give-away prices.

"The Fascination of Supreme Value"

From page 1 to page 7 of this brochure the space is exclusively devoted to the sale of a manufacturer's stock of sideboards, cabinets, bookcases, writing-tables, etc., which are all being offered at a reduction of 6*s.* 8*d.* in the £. These goods are, of course, in addition to the firm's own surplus stock, but, needless to say, run on the same lines of value. And practically all are faithful replicas of antique designs of the Queen Anne, Stuart, and Georgian periods.

Sets of those delightful little nests of tables in oak are reduced to 22*s.* 6*d.* and some jolly mahogany inlaid trays to 6*s.* 6*d.*

Carpets and Cretonnes

Even a slight reduction on a carpet, more particularly when it comes out of Hamptons' guaranteed stock, is worth considering. The firm claim that this annual occurrence, however, is the only one in which thousands of pounds worth of carpets are sold for less than the cost of manufacture. Such a concession certainly requires pondering over. But they are goods that can only be seen in the showrooms at Pall Mall, and no patterns can be sent.

Furnishing fabrics here are always irresistible, and there are some 35,000

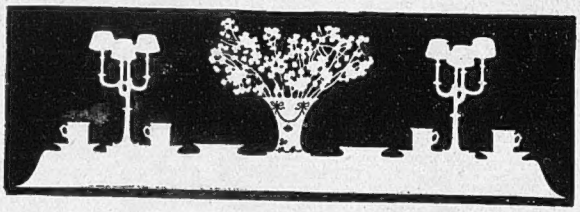
THE
LONDON CORSET CO.,LTD.,
11, HANOVER STREET, W.

MESDAMES.

We are offering for fourteen days from January 5, the whole of our most exclusive stock at sale prices. We hope that you will honour us with a visit and see for yourself the very great reduction we have made in the prices. We do not enumerate them as we think columns of figures are only confusing. Our Corsets can only be produced by a firm like ours, and are not possible for a cheap and mechanical house. Corsets, Blouses, Tea-gowns, Lingerie Dresses, Lingerie, etc., are included.

EXAMPLE.

The Grecian Silhouette, the Corset with the exceedingly subtle curve, a mere expression above the waist and exceptionally long over the hips. This model is made of pale blue Silk Broché of exceptional quality and is trimmed with real lace. Three pairs of suspenders are attached in most novel form and keep the Corset in perfect position throughout, in spite of its exceptional length. The usual price is **5** guineas, reduced during the sale to **4** guineas. An endless variety of Corsets in varying materials and prices is also included in the Sale.



A simple supper

promotes tranquil sleep

The heavy supper disturbs the digestion and prevents what should be a sweet natural sleep. Choose something light, dainty, and sustaining, that tones and nourishes the system while it soothes the nerves.

The 'Allenburys' Diet fulfils these conditions and is quickly made by adding boiling water. It is a partially predigested food made from rich milk and whole wheat—the vital food elements, and forms a delicious supper repast.

A Large Sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamps to cover postage.

Made in a Minute—
add boiling water only

In Tins,
1/6 & 3/- of Chemists

The 'Allenburys' DIET

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard St., London.

The Gift of Beauty.

The chief asset to beauty lies in the possession of a perfect complexion. This, of course, can only be obtained by means of a reliable toilet cream. Beetham's La-rola is a toilet cream of world renown, and is indispensable to those desiring a perfect complexion. It whitens the skin, and gives to the cheek the soft delicate bloom of the ripened peach. It quickly dispels all signs of Roughness, Redness and Chaps, and is excellent for use in hard water. Buy it from your chemist to-day—you can obtain it in 1/- and 2/6 bottles.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

SPECIAL OFFER. Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc. Dept. By.

M. Beetham & Son,
Cheltenham.

SELFS

LONDON SHOPPING (continued)

yards of 31 inch chintzes and cretonnes, originally 1s. the yard, that Hamptons will practically give away at 2¼d. and 3¾d. the yard. Then on Saturdays the 10th and 24th, all remnants will be marked down half price. And on the last-named date this far-famed sale will close.

Bargains of Everything for Everybody

The date of Harrods' one-week sale was given in last week's issue. But just to refresh any memories that are shaky, this epoch-stirring event commences January 12, and will be over on the 17th inst.

Although we on the spot are disposed to think we have the best of it, Harrods' far-spreading *clientèle* take good care to profit, as far as possible, by this sale, notorious for its absolute genuineness. In fact, among the features are the excursion trains run from the country in conjunction with Harrods' sale week Full details of places, times, and prices are given on the first page of the catalogue, which, when these words appear in print, will be speeding its way from one end of England to another.

Breaking Records

As I write I have the catalogue in front of me, and after a careful perusal of its pages I have no hesitation in saying that Harrods are likely to break all previous records. Reductions of a truly remarkable character are quoted in connection with coats and skirts, both in the case of models and ready-to-wear suits. To take just one example out of the wealth, the "Gironde," a smart useful tailor-made in navy coatings, ratines, also velours, the coats lined silk, a range that is reduced to 3½ guineas.

Again, in furs the bargains are simply sensational. Some superfine quality natural See fox stoles are marked down to 8½ guineas.

A very bewildering choice obtains in evening and day gowns. Here, for example, is surely an unheard of bargain. A charming little day frock arranged in accordance with the latest edicts, in *charmeuse* satin, with *moiré* silk waist band and bow, the dainty *dégagé* little bodice softened with shadow lace, that has been reduced to 42s. This, by name "Lotharia," can only be had in black and a few colours

A Furniture Opportunity

To those about to furnish, in the words of the familiar advertisement, I would advise, in fact urge, a visit to Shoolbreds, Tottenham Court Road, during the next two weeks, where a sale replete with surprise is being held. Every single department in the house is included, and the prices are altogether unprecedented.

Prominent in the drawing-room section are lovely inlaid mahogany cabinets, from £4 15s., music and curio cabinets, an exhaustive choice of small tables, occasion and gossip chairs got up charmingly in silk tapestry, easy-chairs, chesterfields, in fact, all the gamut that goes to the furnishing of an artistic drawing-room. Dresser sideboards for dining-rooms range from £4 5s., some supremely attractive low back Jacobean styles standing at £6 2s. 6d., dining-room chairs to match coming out in like proportion.

Complete bedroom suites in fumed oak commence at £4 15s., inlaid mahogany suites ranging from £11 10s. to £52 10s., according to quality and size, while in Shoolbreds' well-known antique galleries, the whole of the surplus stock has been lowered, and so naturally enhances the value of this favourable chance of securing reliable household goods at very moderate cost.

"Nuts and Wine"

On Madame Paquin's able shoulders has fallen the mantle of dressing this new Revue at the Empire. Needless to say, the gowns, costumes, and millinery worn, are not only replete with elegance and beauty of *ligne* and artistic colouring, but each one is a separate and exclusive model, to the creating of which this great *couturière* has brought to bear all her inherent fine taste and knowledge. For the dresses alone a visit to see "Nuts and Wine" will be well repayed.

COCOA for "NERVES"

There are thousands of normally healthy men and women who nevertheless are burdened by this terrible modern bogey of "Nerves," which so often takes the form of Nervous Dyspepsia.

In such cases attention to diet is essential, whatever other form of treatment be adopted. The digestive organs are not capable of dealing with ordinary food. Something is needed which will nourish the system with little digestive effort, and Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk, answers the purpose admirably.

The Cocoa and Milk, made by Savory and Moore's special process contains the essential elements of nutrition, and is in fact a Nerve Food. It is highly nourishing, sustaining and soothing. But the quality which makes it especially suitable for "nervous" cases is that it is perfectly easy of digestion, even by the most delicate invalid. It requires neither milk nor sugar, and is made in a moment simply by adding hot water.

Tins 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3D. POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander" and address—Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

SAVORY & MOORE'S COCOA & MILK

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CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.

In constant use for the past 120 years.

The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of

BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March 1889."

The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.

"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbaza, Austro-Hungary.

"Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.

Price 4/- per bottle. **Sole Wholesale Agents—**
W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

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Sessel Pearls have the identical lustre and delicacy of tone of the Genuine Pearl. Do not be led to believe this because you are asked high prices elsewhere, you are getting a better article.

We ask a comparison, and we will give one hundred guineas to any person who will show us a better or nearer approach to the Genuine Pearl or one that will stand the test of wear better than ours.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with Plain Gold Clasp, £4 4 0
Real Diamond Clasps, with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire or Ruby Centre, from £2 2 0
Sessel Pearl Scarf-pins, Earrings, and Studs, from £1 10 0

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Telephone, Regent 2762.

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BURBERRY 1913 WEATHERPROOFS
For Men and Women.

A few of the bargains are **SPORTING SUITS** (coat and knicker breeches), **52/6**, usual price, 5 gns.; **LOUNGE SUITS, 52/6**, usual price, 5 gns.; **URBITOR** Town Topcoats, **42/-**, usual price, 4 gns.; **RUSITOR** Motoring Coats, **73/6**, usual price, 7 gns.

Write for full SALE CATALOGUE, post free.

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TO SMOKERS OF HIGH GRADE TURKISH CIGARETTES.

SO FRAGRANT
AND SO PURE

SIZE 1 – 2/- FOR 25
SIZE 3 – 1/6 FOR 25

125

WEST-END DEPOT, 163A. PICCADILLY.

MARICH Cigarettes
SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for **1/6** and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

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V. MARICH & Co., (MALTA).
Dept. B, Billiter Buildings LONDON, E.C.
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RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

EVANS' PASTILLES
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LIVERPOOL and LONDON
(Name this paper.)

Superfluous Hairs.
(ELECTROLYSIS HOME TREATMENT.)

I want to place a copy of my book, ***"The Face Perfect,"*** *in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of your disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. Write to-day. I give all letters addressed to me my personal and strictly confidential attention.*

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"SWAN"
FOUNTPENS

have the smoothest gold nibs!

All Stationers sell "Swan's."
We maintain in perfect order.
We allow for other and old pens.
We can match any steel pen.

Prices :—
Standard from **10/6.**
Safety from **12/6.**

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38, Cheapside, E.C., 95a, Regent St., W., London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37 Ave de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.

The Menu: Christmas Parties for Children

DURING the festive season of Christmas nearly every family which includes little children arranges for a children's Christmas party. Rich dishes are not necessary, but they must be made to look attractive, and a large cake (iced and decorated with flags) should be in the centre of the table. Tea and coffee or cocoa should be provided, and for tiny children milk is always in great request. Towards the close of the evening light refreshments, such as sandwiches, small sausage-rolls, jellies, a fruit salad, and different small fancy biscuits will be much appreciated, and home-made lemonade and barley-water are always favourite drinks.

TEA

Bread and Butter (White and Brown)
Jam Sandwiches
Toasted Buns (Split Open and Buttered)
Sponge Fingers. Orange Cake
Madeira or Cherry Cake (Iced)
Tea. Coffee or Chocolate. Milk

SUPPER

Two Sorts of Sandwiches—Sardine and Hard-Boiled Egg
Potted Chicken
Sausage-Rolls
Orange Soufflé. Prune Mould
Meringues. Fruit Salad
Jellies. Plenty of Crackers
Lemonade. Barley-Water

Orange Cake

The weight of two eggs in sugar, butter, and flour, the rind and juice of one orange, and three-quarters teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add grated rind and juice of the orange, whisk the eggs, and add them and flour alternately. Beat well, pour into a paper-lined tin, and bake one hour. Icing for cake: ¼lb. icing sugar and juice of half an orange. Beat to sufficient consistency to spread.

Sardine and Hard-boiled Egg Sandwiches

Bone and pass through a sieve twelve sardines, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and 1 oz. of butter; add some finely chopped parsley, and season with a pinch of white pepper. This mixture makes delicious sandwiches.

Orange Soufflé

Take as many oranges as you require for the dish. Wipe the oranges, and rasp off all the rind on lump sugar. Pound this, and mix with it one beaten white of egg to each 2 oz. of sugar. Mix until like icing. Divide the oranges into quarters, dip them in sherry, then in castor sugar. Pile them high in the centre of the dish, then pour the icing over the pile. Decorate with a few candied cherries, and put a few ratafia biscuits round.

Fruit Salad

Make a syrup by boiling three-quarters of a pint of water, ½ lb. of castor sugar, and the juice from a tinned pineapple. Put the pineapple in slices, two oranges in quarters, two bananas cut up, and a few grapes in a bowl, and over all pour the syrup, which must be nearly cold. Whipped cream on the top of the salad is an improvement.

EMILIA

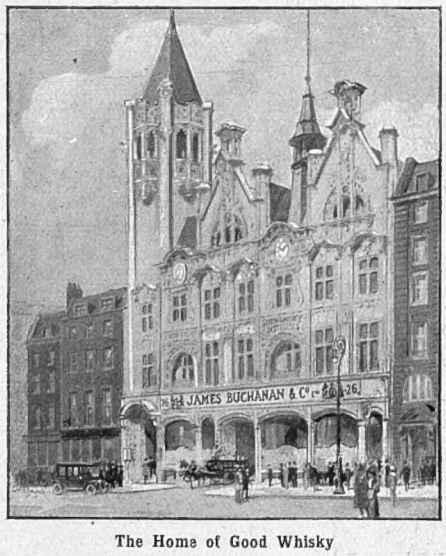
The Editor's Box

"Pearls of Egypt" Cigarettes

OF recent years a keener discrimination has been marked with regard to cigarettes, and precedence has everywhere been given to the choicest brands of Egyptian manufacture. One of the best of these, "Pearls of Egypt," although hitherto but little known in this country, has long been a great favourite with officers and others who in the course of residence in, or visits to, Egypt have become acquainted with this, the oldest of the most favoured Egyptian brands. Standing in the centre of Cairo, the factory is a model of cleanliness and order. Made by experienced native workers, whose skill is the wonder of all beholders and cannot be supplanted by any machinery, these cigarettes contain only the choicest tobaccos, pure and undoctored from the Cavallo, Samsoun, Smyrna, and Xanthi tobacco-growing districts. Owing to the popularity of "Pearls of Egypt" in the Army and Navy—they have long been recognised as the Service cigarette *par excellence*—those familiar with their quality have specially ordered supplies from Egypt. The proprietors have now made arrangements for "Pearls of Egypt" to be obtained from all the principal London stores, as well as many of the leading clubs, restaurants, etc. If you want to give *him* a really nice New Year present that will make him very, very pleased with you, try a box of "Pearls of Egypt."

About a Famous Whisky

Staple Inn, in Holborn, is one of the few quaint old-world spots that remain of Tudor London. Hard by it is another historic site, where a modern business palace rears its head under the old name that was famous when most of the names around had not yet been born. To the lover of Dickens



The Home of Good Whisky

Messrs. Buchanan's palatial establishment in Holborn, where all that is best in the whisky line can be obtained

the name of "The Black Swan" recalls "Barnaby Rudge" and the scene in which the Gordon rioters attacked Langdale's distillery. This building is still associated with distilleries—in fact, it is the head office of Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., the world-famous whisky distillers. Everybody knows that Messrs. Buchanan make Scotch whisky, but it is not everyone who knows the reasons for the altogether phenomenal success that has been theirs. These reasons are two in number, and they are a personality and a policy. The first is that of Mr. James Buchanan, who founded the business some thirty-five years ago, and still takes a very active part in it. The second is the policy of always giving "a little better value than need be." Go to Messrs. Buchanan's cooperage in Hyde Park Street, to their packing-case department in Lancefield Street, to their glass bottle works at Shettleston, to the Bankier Distillery in Stirlingshire, to Glentauchers-Glenlivet Distillery at Mulben and Convalmore, all of them parts of this enormous business, and they will all be found to be "a little better than need be."

At the Criterion

Oh, I Say! reached its 250th performance on Monday last. The most important change was that of Mr. Freddie Bentley for Mr. James Welch. Mr. Bentley was chosen for this part mainly on account of the extraordinary personal resemblance which he bears to Mr. Welch. He has the reputation of being an accomplished comedian, with several years' experience both in London and the provinces to his credit. The other changes in the cast are: Mr. Ronald Squires for the late Mr. R. Avrill, Mr. J. J. Bartlett for Mr. Clifton Alderson, and Miss Stella St. Aubrey for Miss Emma Chambers. The play was entirely redressed for last Monday's performance.